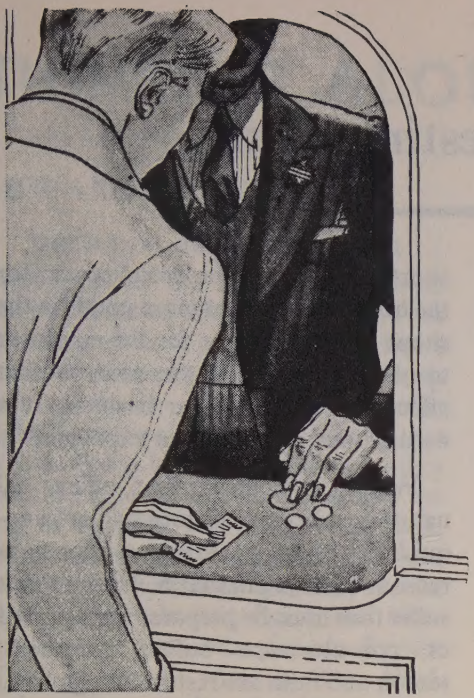

Recognise him?

To you and me he's just the man in the booking office, but any of the station staff would recognise him—even from here—as the chap who runs their National Savings Group. If you were to ask him why he does this fine unpaid job as a Voluntary Worker in the National Savings Movement he'd say: "We all want to see plenty of things in the shops again, don't we? But that won't be till the Old Country's prosperous again. If we all spend as little as we can, we shall be bringing this prosperity nearer. That's why I'm keeping on with my Savings work."

Why not become a Voluntary Savings Worker yourself? Your Local Savings Committee will welcome you, or write to the National Savings Committee (Dept V.W.3), London.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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Now is a Testing Time

This is a time for decision.

Never in the history of our land has the need for clear and balanced thinking, for sober and considered action, been more urgent. As a nation, we are at the crossroads. One road—smooth, broad, and inviting—leads to national oblivion; another—rugged, tortuous, challenging our skill and powers of endurance—leads to the heights of prosperity and security. Which road shall we take into the future? That is the question of the hour.

The future of Britain is the future of her industry, and inasmuch as most of us are a part of industry, so are we, individually as well as collectively, responsible for the future of our country.

But, after six years of unremitting toil, of danger and sacrifice, it is perhaps natural that we should expect a speedy return to the way of life we knew in happier times; an end of privations bravely borne; the restitution of liberties which, though surrendered in war, are an integral part of a free society.

It is natural for the worker to want the high wages of a war economy and the short hours of a prosperous peace; for the housewife to want more goods in the shops at lower prices; for the employer to want an end of all the controls that affect his own particular business. It is natural, yes—but is it yet expedient?

War is a sickness that affects all nations, whether victorious or vanquished. It warps judgment. It befogs reason. It subjugates faith. Nations that suffer thus must be prepared for a period of convalescence before judgment, reason and faith are restored to glowing vitality.

Now is a testing time—a time for industrial unity and effort, fair dealing and mutual understanding, no matter what political convictions are held. It is a time of confidence—confidence in each other, confidence that by doing our jobs to the best of our ability we will be making the best practical contribution to the establishment of national prosperity and lasting peace.

So, together and of one accord, let us decide *now* to win that peace.

CHAIRMAN

BY APPOINTMENT MOTOR VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS

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THINKING ALOUD

EDWARD HULTON

OPEN DIPLOMACY AT LAST!

WELL, UNO has finished its London session. What an idiotic word! Still I am getting used to it, you know! At first I was not sure whether the whole thing was worth the candle, or the electric light. I am now inclined to believe that it was. For it has brought Soviet policy into the light of day, or at least into the fog of London, away from the dark, secret Muscovite back passages, into which the unfortunate Churchill and the dying Roosevelt were lured, and more recently the somewhat fatuous Byrnes. Those in Britain who are most blind, voluntarily or otherwise, have now a much greater chance to see that present-day Soviet foreign policy is little if not aggressive.

Vyshinsky is, I understand, in poor health after his pounding by Bevin. One is tempted to speculate upon his ultimate fate when he gets back inside the Kremlin; for he has not advanced the Soviet cause in the world. Maisky was recently dropped over the Reparations mess. One wonders if Vyshinsky will soon share the fate of Zinoviev, Bukharin and Radek.

No, there was a good deal to be said for UNO after all. For the whole world witnessed a diplomatic spectacle—I suppose never witnessed before. Namely, Bevin as the plain, honest, working man, opposed to all the craft and craftiness of Eastern diplomatists who have learned all the faults and few of the virtues of their Tsarist predecessors. I was always laughed at, especially by Conservatives, when I felt confident that Bevin was the very man for the Foreign Office, and for the new diplomacy. It seems to have occurred to few that Bevin is really a 'career-diplomatist', since he has spent almost his whole life in intricate negotiations. There are no doubt some Trade Unionists whose mentality would be too narrow for foreign affairs, or whose knowledge of geography might be insufficient. This, however, is not the case with our present Foreign Secretary, who has long made a patient study of overseas events. Bevin, the Churchill of the Peace, is, I suppose, a genius. Though, like Mr. Churchill, he is perhaps not so much 'over-compensated' as 'supra-normal'. That is, he is the ordinary man writ very large. He is, in fact, 'the common man' whom democratic theorists have been declaring since the end of the eighteenth century as being really superior in knowledge to the expert. Usually this has not come off. In the case of Ernest Bevin it seems to have done so.

Mr. Vyshinsky, on the other hand, must possess, in common with most latter-day Russian diplomatists, a very poor knowledge of Western psychology. For he has pitted against human appeals a mere series of clever legalistic arguments, when he was not hurling threats and threatening thunderbolts. Therefore, even the points which he gained were only 'lawyers' points'—Pyrrhic victories—and of little avail before the bar of world public opinion.

A very new M.P. recently suggested that, if Vyshinsky had, during the unfortunate Moscow trials of 1936–1938, been known, not as the public prosecutor but under some such title as the Attorney-General, then the British public would have appreciated what a charming gentle

gentleman he was. Had this writer possessed the merest scintilla of a knowledge of English legal practice he would have known that it is not the custom of the Prosecution in this country to press for a conviction in any way, but merely to lay the facts before the judge. There is, I submit, no jot or tittle of evidence that Sir Hartley Shawcross has ever screamed at a defendant, as Vyshinsky did during the Moscow trials, 'You offspring of a bull and a pig!' Heigho! *Autres pays, autres mœurs.* But drawing-room Communists and front-parlour Bolsheviks, note this, *s.v.p.*

There are still some persons creeping amongst us who say that we should make An Act of Faith in the Soviet Union, and wait and see if it becomes as aggressive as the Third Reich. Surely we have been making Acts Of Faith at least since Yalta. In any case: Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Ruthenia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Albania, Persia, Outer Mongolia, Port Arthur, Sakhalin, and the Kuriles. Isn't that enough? If that isn't aggression, what is? Need we wait until it is Shepherd's Bush? Incidentally, the gift of the Kurile Islands to the Russians was secret diplomacy if ever there was such. As a citizen who was not consulted, I repudiate it.

I now find I have left some of the aggressed countries out, but I am fatigued with the list. The fact is surely plain that Russian-instructed Communists are everywhere. And Mr. Bevin was none too early in admitting this, and indeed proclaiming it to the world. These people are the enemies of peace, and the enemies of man.

In regard to ever-unhappy Greece, though Mr. Churchill's policy was sometimes unfortunate, and seldom understandable by the public, Mr. Bevin has taken the only line that he could take. He was also entitled to say that it was a monstrous thing that Mr. Vyshinsky should accuse Bevin and Britain—and that is me, and YOU; and then use his veto to prevent the judge from giving his verdict. Thus you and I are still not really acquitted. All this, of course, was to cover Russia's military operations in Persia, *where they seem to have got away with it anyhow.* Another thing, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company is largely controlled by the British State, so that you and I have an interest in it. It is rather naïve to imagine that everything connected with oil must automatically be a Big Business Racket.

OUR DUTCH ALLIES

I STILL cannot help feeling that we have treated the Dutch disgracefully over Java, or 'Indonesia', as I believe it has been re-titled. Holland and the Dutch East Indies form a part, or should do, of our Western European Association. My impression when I was in Java was that it was very nearly the best managed and most liberal colony in the world. We refused to allow Dutch soldiers or sailors to go there, having put the Dutch ships into our own shipping pool (the same applies to the French in Indo-China), and having arranged to send our own soldiers instead, under the command of pompous MacArthur of U.S.A., our sentimentalists are now moaning, 'Why should our boys be killed for the sake of the Dutch?' There are about a quarter of a million white and semi-white women, children and civilian men in peril of unmentionable atrocities in the Netherlands Indies. Semi-white, because the Dutch had no colour bar.

TOO LATE FOR PSYCHOLOGY?

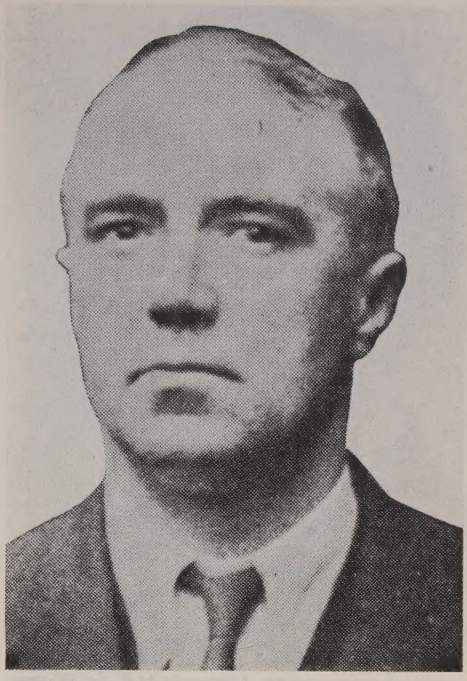
HAVING said what I think about Comrade Vyshinsky's extraordinary behaviour in London, I want to go on to affirm that the only ultimate hope is to learn to understand the Stalinists and other Russians. However, by this I emphatically

do *not* mean the usual Bloomsbury appeasement stuff, or silly little tea-parties with Russian agents in London, nor yet the usual, 'Let us get to know one another' business, *à la* Priestley. Hitherto the Soviet Government has been intelligent enough to cut down the number of people inspecting Russia to the barest minimum. Still less are they anxious that many Russians should come to see us here. Since, in the first place, the Russians might get 'bourgeois ideas'; and, second, we might learn that the Russians are neither angels nor even democrats. The unavoidable contact of our soldiers with the Russians in Germany has been highly detrimental to the Soviet cause.

What I mean is that we must try to get to know the Russians better than they know themselves; which would not be impossible, since many of the highest commissars are totally ignorant of the true mainsprings of their actions.

Is it too late to begin to apply the limited but useful amount we already know of psychology to international affairs? I am convinced that three-quarters of international friction is of a psychological nature. UNO, one would have thought, would have possessed some kind of Psychological Bureau, which the League of Nations did not. The eminent psychologist, Dr. Edward Glover, years ago pointed out that the League, in spite of its marble halls, did not devote a ha'penny piece to psychological research. It would seem that the same mistake is being made all over again.

The unaccommodating behaviour of Russia's accredited representatives would seem to suggest that the Russians possess not only the 'oral', or babylike, desire to consume but much Sadism, and perhaps still more Masochism (or desire to be hurt). Russian literature is chock-full of the idea of 'the pleasures of suffering'.

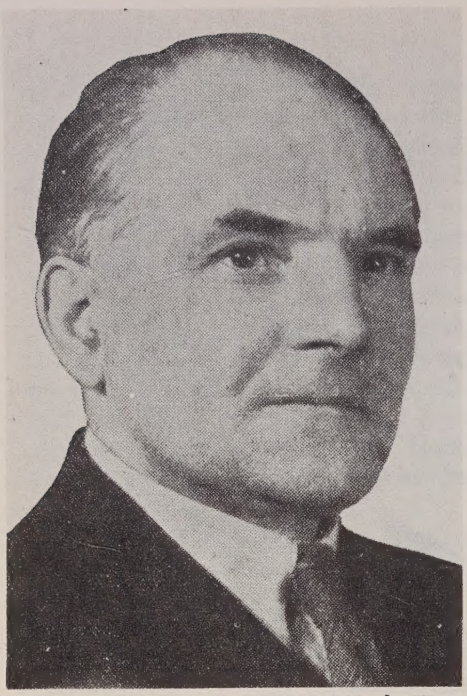


Here they are!

HARRY POLLITT, *'Secretary' of Communist Party, 'that extraordinary organisation which acts in every country to attack Great Britain'*—Ernest Bevin

WHAT DO THEY WANT?

THE idea of trying to find out real wants, as opposed to demands not only in the psychological but in the more practical field is not really new. It has been tried, especially in America, with considerable success in regard to labour relationships. It is not a question of 'bargaining', in the old sense of the word, but of discovering a solution, which may be satisfactory for *both* parties; and which gives *both* parties *all* that they want. This is not 'compromise', in the ordinary sense, where both parties give up a portion of what they demand. To illustrate the new method, one example given is that of a lady who was reading in a public library, and who asked for the window to be shut. Another inmate asked for it to be kept open. Now the solution found was to open one of the doors. In this case at least *both* parties



WILLIAM GALLAGHER, *Communist M.P. for Western Division of West Fife since* 1935

got *all* that they wanted. For one wanted no draught, and the other wanted more air. Neither party was interested in the subject of windows. Could not UNO at least try to work on these lines? At present, in the wholly unoriginal way in which it is proceeding, it does not even seem to be studying what is after all the vital question, is war natural to man? It is the view of many psychologists that the child possesses no desire to kill, that is in the sense of annihilating. What he may want to do is to mutilate, or give pain, which is sometimes really an expression of the love instinct. He may want to swallow (aggrandisement)—an act of possessiveness, or again a manifestation of the love instinct. He may wish to invade, for example to enter the room of his parents, but not to annihilate. A cat plays with a mouse in order to satisfy its desire for power. It does not desire to kill the mouse.

In fact any act of pure destruction might be said to be unnatural. Since it annihilates the hate—or love—object, which is the goal. Even the carnivorous beasts are said to kill for a utilitarian purpose.

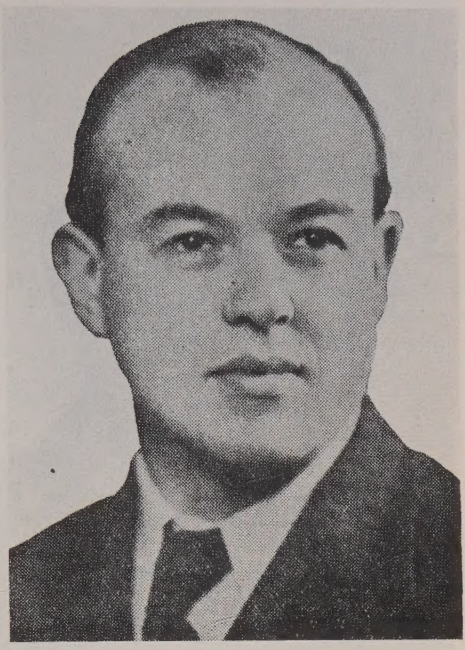
The 'Death Wish', of which the late lamented Professor Freud was so fond, is perhaps really only directed towards oneself. And even then is not really a desire to annihilate oneself, but a desire to return to the womb, or a desire to avoid responsibility (a desire which seems pretty prevalent nowadays). Very likely, modern destructive totalitarian war is a new institution, being partly the result of science, mechanisation, and a mad desire for 'efficiency', not so prevalent in the gentler, and more balanced eighteenth century. There is some chance, therefore, that it may be easier than has been thought to find a 'sublimation' for the desire for war. Though I do not know whether it ought to be more arts and crafts or more football! War undoubtedly gives to the individual that transference from self to somebody or something else which is highly desirable for him. What alternative can Peace offer? The present Government would be well advised to get down to these fundamentals, instead of tripping about upon the superficial plane of Nationalisation.

NO ZEST!

HERBERT READ writes of the necessity for a zest for life. Yet the Labour Government is not providing us with this. During the war Churchill almost succeeded in making self-sacrifice a gay thing. Yet no sooner does the Labour Government come into existence than engine drivers and crews mysteriously leave their trains and wander off into the surrounding country. Punish them? Not so much this. Give them something to live for. Is there now anything for any class to live for? Or any form of fun and games anywhere? A gay note can be

struck even amid poverty. But the well-meaning Sir Stafford Cripps has overdone his gloomy austerity. By my halidom, I declare he ought to know that the Puritan period in England in the seventeenth century was an unmitigated failure, and that Charles II's hiccuping gallants were received back with very marked favour. In industrial matters he puts the cart before the horse. For consumption goods must come first, since there must be something for the workers to buy. Then you might get production; and you could then proceed to export some of it.

As it is, the present Socialist administration have banked on the American Loan, which was a mistake anyhow, owing to the strings attached to it. If they don't get the Loan, after all, they may very nearly be washed up; and there is already talk of a coming Coalition.



P. PIRATIN, *Communist Member for Mile End, East London. Defeated Socialist at General Election*

FALL OF WOMAN (continued)

A WOMAN reader writes to me, *apropos* my comments on the Fall of Woman from her eighteenth-century eminence. She writes a very clever letter, but it is just what I wanted. 'Am I,' she asks, 'to dress myself up and make love to Mr. Attlee? Surely all the influential eighteenth-century women you talk about were the mistresses of kings and other magnificos?' It is not the point, whether they were mistresses or wives, or merely friends, or acquaintances—many were wives. The point is, that by their personality, they influenced men and events. And woman's power must be more indirect than direct, yet it is no question of morality. Women constitute what can be termed a separate 'race', and should make their own contribution, not another male contribution.

Feminism, of the early twentieth century Militant Suffragette order, assumed that women were, for most essential purposes, really men. Yet it must be familiar to most readers that Freud, for one, took a diametrically opposite view, stating categorically that they were fundamentally different and distinct. He in fact divided up the entire world into two essential elements, the masculine and the feminine, or as it was rather curiously termed, the contained and the container. Man was mobile, woman more or less immobile, but more permanent. The symbolism of dreams (the dream of a house, or even of a church), really stood for woman, and for stability.

If women are more neurotic than men, it is owing to the wretched methods by which it has been sought to educate them. For girls are either brought up as hockey-playing, or even cricketing boys; or else they are given an education which is merely *opposed* to that of boys, revealing a purely negative approach. Few people have yet thought of educating women as women.

ARTHUR HORNER, *the Communist power behind Will Lawther's Presidency of Mineworkers' Union*

RANDOLPH TURNS ON TITO!

IT is diverting that Mr. Randolph Churchill has now taken up his witty pen against his erstwhile protégé, Tito. On the feature page of the *Daily Telegraph* newspaper he flays those Members of Parliament who have recently visited Tito-land and spoken well of Tito's government. He scorns Mrs. Manning, M.P., who apparently ascribed the dislike of British soldiers for Tito and all his works to the fact that they had been enjoying sexual relationships with Chetnik girls. The second article with which he favoured the public was actually headed, 'Yugoslavia—A Police State!' In the Third Epistle According To Randolph there is this admission, 'There was a time when I shared hopes. But I have been reluctantly forced to the conclusion by my recent visit that the Communists, who represent a tiny minority, are determined to fasten their rule with iron and unbreakable chains on the whole country in perpetuity. To think otherwise is to delude oneself, and what is worse (*sic*), to delude others.' No doubt better late than never! Churchill Senior, during the recent *kermesse* at Brussels, expressed similar disappointment with the Yugoslavian leader.

NATIONAL GALLERY—CHILDISH DOODLING?

AN art correspondent writes me: In spite of the fierce rearguard action conducted by the Philistines and the academic Old Guard, the erstwhile heretics of the 'Modern' School seem now to be coming into their own. Shortly after the opening of the Picasso-Matisse Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert, the lower rooms of the National Gallery were thrown open to an exhibition of the works of the late Paul Klee, a painter hitherto little known in this country outside artistic circles; but whose name must now, to judge from the crowds who have lately flocked to Trafalgar Square to view his paintings, be a household word among quite a considerable section of the general public.

Though his name was associated with that of Picasso in the recent aesthetic discussions in the correspondence columns of the press, Klee has little in common with the Franco-Spanish master. He has none of the latter's flamboyance, ferocity, and savage rhetoric. Pity and horror do sometimes enter into his work; but in a restrained, unobtrusive, almost dream-like manner. The outcry against Picasso was directed largely against his 'savage guying of humanity'. Klee's detractors, on the other hand, dismiss his work as 'childish doodling'. This is an accusation which, however unjust, inaccurate and stupid as a general criticism, does contain a grain of truth. For certain of his pictures do resemble the products of the child-mind, or of the subconscious.

Though with this difference—that they are handled with consummate skill; and are clearly the work of a master craftsman. Such a seemingly naïve and simple composition as *Idiot Dwarf in a Trance* (which was singled out for special ridicule in the Yellow Press) is marvellously drawn. Its humour, fantasy, and the effect of dreamlike lunacy, could only have been produced by a combination of conscious artistry, intuitive imagination, and technical mastery.

The pictures shown at the National Gallery varied a good deal in quality and character. This was hardly surprising, in view of the fact that there were more than 120 of them, covering some 40 years' work. (The exhibition would have gained by the omission of some of the obviously inferior pictures.) As a cross-section of his work, and an indication of the range of his art, it was more than adequate. I suppose the most immediately striking feature of these Klees is his wonderful sense of colour, and the rich and varied use he makes of it. Even those to whom his compositions mean nothing cannot fail to have been captivated by the sensuous beauty of his colour patterns, alternately rich and deep, light and delicate—achieving at times the deep, mellow tones of stained glass, at others the subtle, rarefied effect of Chinese tapestry.

Much could be written, and opinions must surely differ, about the significance of Klee's strange world of fantasy. The article by Hugh Gordon Porteous in this issue of WORLD REVIEW, illustrated by reproductions of some of the painter's most characteristic creations, provides an excellent interpretation of Klee's peculiar genius. Much of the effect is lost in black and white. Yet these reproductions give one a good idea of his style. None of them appeared in the National Gallery show.

WILLIAM RUST, *Editor of the* Daily Worker. '*It has been the propaganda of Moscow and Communist Party to attack the British people. That is the danger to the peace of the world*'—Ernest Bevin

NO CONTACT?

ONE first heard of *Contact* about a year ago, when a friend on the Austrian Control Commission reported that he had been invited, by the editor of a new magazine of that name, to act as its Vienna Correspondent. *Contact* was to be *something quite new*, original (even revolutionary), in the English magazine world—rather on the lines of the American *Fortune*, only more aesthetic and refined, and less technical.

It was, moreover, to have a nice cosmopolitan outlook with foreign language editions, Foreign Correspondents, etc. Scandinavia and Central Europe were, apparently, particularly interested; and plans were already on foot for publishing the magazine in Sweden and Czechoslovakia.

Altogether a most laudable venture . . . But a year has passed, and nothing has materialised. Various rumours have

reached one's ears from time to time. That *Contact* had set up house in one of those stately eighteenth-century mansions in Manchester Square. That the First Number was to appear last autumn. That money was being lavished on it right and left (the name of Clarence Hatry was mentioned in this respect). That a French Number was being planned.

Winter came, and the New Year opened, with still no sign of *Contact*. A dummy of the first number is, however, now being sent round various advertising firms, with copious blank pages for ads., for which rather big fees are being demanded. From the sub-title on the cover—'The First Spring of Peace'—which appears inside, in elaborate Victorian type, as 'The First Peace of Spring' (printer's error, or subtle play upon words? I know not), one assumes that the magazine will be putting in an appearance within the next few months.

It is a fantastic affair, full of brilliant ideas, presented in an incredibly amateurish way. The cover illustration is an amorphous, cloudy mass of black and grey shadows, which, if looked at from a distance, and from every possible angle, eventually reveals itself as a close-up photo of a human face.

The type seems to vary with each feature. But there is a predilection for Victorian type face. Most of the articles are prefaced with large photos, which, with the large-size headings and sub-headings, take up seven-eighths of the page, the article beginning about an inch from the bottom—sometimes less! Margins are apparently considered superfluous, and the number of columns and the size of the type vary from page to page.

The list of contributors is impressive. Yet a vast amount of space is wasted on photos showing them in every conceivable position.

There is a feature on the cinema, for example—headed, in large and elaborate type, FILM, and sub-titled, in even larger and more elaborate type, **RANK'S**—which is illustrated with copious photos of the great J. Arthur and his cronies.

There are also reproductions (which are apparently to be in full colour) of Old Masters, laid out in the most extraordinary fashion. For instance, there is a tiny reproduction of the Dürer *Madonna and Child* (from the National Gallery), which is shown, sideways-on, at the bottom of a page, the remainder of which is occupied by a large-scale reproduction of a detail from the same picture.

CIVILISATION COMES TO EUROPE

I TOLD you so! And why should I not rub it in? I prophesied often and again during the war that as soon as hostilities were concluded those who had shouted most about 'annihilating the German people' would be amongst the first to yield to sentimentality. Also that the Brooklyn boys would be less desirous of maintaining a permanent watch on the Rhine than of going home in the *Queen Mary*, back to 'Momma'. Brooklyn, it seems, makes Cowards of us all! No one has been a stronger advocate than myself for a decent treatment for ordinary German people. Fraternisation? Yes! But Hollywoodisation? Why? Anyhow, get a load of this! News item: A beauty contest, organised by the American forces, will be held at half-time during the game between Baden and Wurttemberg. A hundred German girls will parade before G.I. spectators next Sunday, *and compete for the title of 'Miss Mannheim'*.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS Monthly Comments (VIII)

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

MR. BERNARD SHAW is one of the few important elderly gentlemen in the world to keep his head through these sad times. He recently reminded us that the late war in Europe was in reality a civil war. Had we never lost sight of this simple truth, what tears might we have spared ourselves! Unfortunately this war, like all wars, was the finest hour of the permanently adolescent; by them the issue was obscured, and all our woes traced to the overweening ambitions of Hitler, that new Louis XIV. But after the old '*Roi Soleil*' decomposed, Europe knew peace for at least a generation. Hitler's end has brought us no such comfort.

But if we accept Mr. Shaw's thesis, a comprehensible pattern becomes visible through the chaos. The war was in essence a premature attempt of technocratic dictatorship to annihilate the relics of liberalism in Western Europe. It failed because the technocracies were still divided by the hazards of history. The ancient hatred of German for Slav, Germany's traditional hunger for the rich lands of the Ukraine, proved momentarily stronger than hidden ideological sympathies, while in America you had the strange anachronism of advanced technocracy hand in hand with political catchwords of the last century.

The issue was complicated, too, by an extraordinary similarity in the warlike techniques of the contending parties. Finally, one system of *levée en masse* of assembly lines defeated another. But Germany's fall settled no points of principle. The hostility remains between totalitarianism and relatively free societies. Only, Russia has taken the place of the Third Reich.

Now, if the war of 1914–1918 brought a Balkan system of small, improvident countries up to the frontiers of Switzerland, this one has brought Russia to face us in Austria, in North Germany, in Persia, and Epirus. The spectacle of her facing us with dislike and truculence in those regions has upset many Englishmen. They had wholeheartedly believed the stories of a change of heart worked in the U.S.S.R. by the war. The ideal of world revolution, it was positively declared, had been thrown overboard: and the official dissolution of the Comintern was advanced as proof. One might as well have deduced from our wartime suspension of Habeas Corpus that the English would never again set the rights of the individual against the state.

Señor de Madariaga has recently shown the courage publicly to declare that, 'from the point of view of the technique of government, the Communist and the Fascist systems are identical.' If, then, the Fascist dictatorships could not live in peace with us, why imagine it will be an easy matter for the Russians to do so? Why be surprised at Russia's treatment of an ally with whom she is supposed still to be united by a Treaty of Friendship?

Specious announcements put out at the end of every 'Big Three' Conference, Mr. Churchill's and President Roosevelt's reluctance to define the positive objects for which their countries were fighting, long concealed the desert which divided Russian from Anglo-Saxon conceptions of peace. But the disagreement, which grew into open squabbles at the UNO meeting of January 1946, became already visible at Dumbarton Oaks in August 1944. The Russians, it then became clear, would brook no restraint by UNO upon the powers of the 'Big Three'. It was to meet their insistence that President Roosevelt at Yalta some months later produced the compromise now embodied in Art. 27 of UNO's Charter. This introduced the famous 'veto' into the voting procedure of the Security Council, and turned the permanent members of that Council into an irresponsible law unto themselves.

It was argued in defence of this unworthy transaction: (1) that, without it, we would never have got the Russians into UNO; (2) that it would be used only in moments of dark crisis, against restraints put by the Council upon a Great Power, in some matter which it conceived as of life or death.

Yet, within a few weeks of UNO's formal birth, the 'veto' has been invoked by Russia in her dispute with us over the Greek situation, a question in no way vital to her safety or prestige, but one raised in a mood of schoolboy spite, to offset Persian protests against Soviet policy in Azerbaijan.

The incident reduces UNO from its intended dignity as an organisation for enforcing world peace into a sort of sparring-ground of power politics. At the moment it is difficult to see how the young institution can ever recover from this early blow. Of course you may argue that more harm might have been done if the blow had fallen later. The cruel fact remains, however, that the Assembly rises with no rule of Law established, no right of redress for a small nation

JOSE GIRAL, *born in Cuba. 'Premier of Spanish Republican Government'. Spaniards are quarrelsome, especially Republicans. Will he get to Madrid?*

against a Great Power, no UNO control over the Atomic Bomb Commission, not the slightest curb put upon national sovereignty.

Mr. Attlee has talked of UNO becoming the 'overriding factor' in British foreign policy. It is hard, now, to see how this can easily happen. Russia, it is clear, regards UNO not as the evangel of a world state but as a capitalist device to trick and fetter her. If Persia brings her grievances before UNO, this can only be at British instigation, for anyone who opposes Russian expansion must automatically be a client of British imperialism. So Russia must arraign England for the presence of her troops in Greece, while an obedient Ukraine, with open Russian support, must call for a commission to investigate our behaviour in Indonesia.

As I write, tempers which sweetened a trifle after the undignified shelving of the Greek matter now seem to be souring again. It is hard at the moment to see how UNO can possibly survive many more bouts of this tragic bickering. As things are now tending, one of two events, both of them disastrous, appears almost inevitable. Either Russia must withdraw from UNO, or that body's authority will become a doubtful jest.

The consequences in America would be almost certainly deplorable. Any failure of UNO would lend enormous strength to an isolationism already strong, and even more pernicious than the isolationism of 1919–1941. For, while America then dreamed only of leaving the world alone in return for being left alone herself, there are signs that her present mood favours a situation where the world must keep its hands off the New World, while the U.S. would be free to interfere unilaterally in the affairs of any country whose internal policies she conceives to threaten 'the American way of life'. Thus, at least half the American electorate apparently oppose the proposed loan to this country, on the grounds that American finance would be helping us to strike a blow at capitalism. Similarly, American Liberals clamour for a British retreat from India, while applauding American claims for Pacific bases. American business men expect Europe to lower her tariffs against American goods, but would be horrified at any suggestion of reciprocal concessions by their own country.

This appalling disunity within the 'Big Three' does not bring any nearer a proper policy for Germany, or a formal peace with Italy. An unusually mild winter, now within a few weeks of its end, has saved the abject Reich from famine and plague. Infant mortality is, of course, high—nearly 20%. But deaths from typhoid and influenza have steadily decreased since November. Here we have something, perhaps the only thing, in this month's international situation, to cheer us.

Against it we must set the inability of the Allies to reach agreement over the maximum steel production which we are to allow the Reich, the continued uncertainty over the Ruhr's future, and the tendency of the American authorities to withdraw prematurely from their zone. Under the hot clamour of American 'moms' and 'sugars', a great army is melting away, leaving us to hold the long border between the Western world and the Soviet one; to face a possible crisis in Austria, where the Russians, presumably as a revenge for the defeat of the Austrian Communist Party in the recent elections, are beginning to support Yugo-Slav claims on Carinthia; and to work out a peace settlement with Italy, a settlement complicated by huge Russian demands for Italian reparations.

In France, the retirement of General de Gaulle may bring closer the possibility of an Anglo-French agreement, although Monsieur Gouin's power to bind the Communists to his will is at least doubtful. All France now waits, in any case, the outcome of the present financial crisis, and the Spring elections. It is not easy to envisage France playing any active part in world affairs until both are over.

As for Spain, one cannot give much credit to the immortality of Franco's enclave surrounded by a Left-Wing Western Europe, in the face of UNO's snub, and apparently against the will of a majority of Spaniards. But as an eminent Spaniard has pointed out, our victory over Germany was a military one, not an ideological victory over totalitarianism everywhere. Nor does Señor Giral's self-styled 'Republican Government' inspire much confidence. Over the last decade the Left in this country has gradually built up the legend that the Republicans would have won the civil war but for Axis interference. Yet from the first the Government was as hopelessly impractical as it was divided. Señor Giral's committee appears to perpetuate these defects, and add to them the disadvantage of being out of touch with opinion in Spain. We should be careful not to unite Spaniards behind Franco by supporting exiled régimes to whom they do not give their full confidence.

Turning to the Levant, we witness the peculiar spectacle of Russia supporting the Lebanese landlords in their demands for the withdrawal of British troops, and the Egyptian capitalists headed by King Farouk, who desire not only our military departure even from the Canal Zone, but even the cession of the Sudan. No doubt the Russians hope at least by these intrigues to secure the neutrality of the Arab world in the event of a real Anglo-Russian crisis.

FAROUK THE FIRST, *well-fed King of Egypt. He and other Egyptian Capitalists are Stalin's new friends against Britain*

Meanwhile, as one watches the mounting tension at almost every point where Russian and British interests meet, one wonders what exactly does Stalin want. Is it oil? Is it a free hand to do what he likes with Persia? Does he believe a conflict with the Western world to be inevitable? Is he trying to carry out Lenin's sacred charge? Whatever it is, this is a notable month for exhibiting human folly.

RUSSIA'S NEXT FIVE YEARS—Part I

PETER DRUCKER

At the moment of the Japanese surrender, the Soviet Union formally announced that a new Five-Year Plan—its fourth one—was about to be put into operation. The full details of this plan are apparently still to be worked out, but enough has been published to show that this is by all odds the most ambitious post-war blueprint produced by any of the powers. It provides valuable clues to an understanding of future Russian policy.

If the Five-Year Plans before the war aimed at making Russia economically strong enough to withstand a war, the new plan proposes to make her economically strong enough to play the rôle of a super-power. The goal is still to industrialise the country, and at an accelerated pace. The main emphasis, as in the pre-war plans, is on building up the capital-goods industries. The eastward trend of these industries—which began in 1932 and was greatly speeded up by the war—will also continue. The Russian planners do not put first the satisfaction of the needs of the Russian consumer, low though his standard of living now is; they intend to make him wait for the goods he needs until his country's industrial strength has been built up.

Top priority in the plan is apparently to be given to an increase in steel production to thirty-five or forty million tons a year by 1950, which is far above the 1940–41 figure of a little less than twenty million tons (to say nothing of the mere ten million tons in 1942–43, when the steel centres of the Ukraine were in enemy hands). The Russians claim that their steel production is already back at the pre-war level, partly as a result of large-scale repairs, but largely because of the new huge steel centres built behind the Urals during the war. Even if this be true—and other Russian reports indicate that this was the 'plan' for 1945 rather than an actual achievement—the new programme would call for a virtual doubling of the pre-war rate of expansion during the next five years.

Next in importance to steel production are the building of a powerful navy and of strong naval bases, especially in the Far East. The atomic bomb may lead to a revision of this programme, but hardly to an abandonment of the principle that direct armaments have the first claim on all industrial capacity.

Other major aims of the new plan are the expansion of internal and external communications: the construction of a large ocean-going merchant fleet under the Russian flag, a substantial railway building programme, the construction of highways and canals, and greatly increased production of railway equipment and trucks. Twice as many tractors are to be built during the next five years as there were on all the collective farms when Germany attacked. This will be done partly to replace the equipment destroyed during the war, partly to provide tractors for new farms in Siberia. An entirely new building industry is to be created to make prefabricated plants and prefabricated houses. (Incidentally the new houses are not to be owned by government agencies, as before the war, but are to be sold to the workers on very generous terms.)

The official comments insist that Russia, by 1950, should be able to supply all her peacetime and wartime needs in the basic products of an industrial civilisation. And not only this; Russia must also be capable of supplying the capital equipment of the countries in the Soviet zone of influence in Europe and Asia. It has become a recurrent theme of Russian political discussion that the security of the Soviet Union would be threatened if neighbouring countries—even those under 'friendly governments'—were dependent on non-Russian sources for their supplies of capital goods. According to this theory, it was Germany's position as a heavy-goods exporter that gave her control over Eastern Europe; and if the political co-operation between Russia and her neighbours is to be on a sound basis, it must be supplemented by close economic co-operation, with the Soviet Union holding the place formerly occupied by Germany. Today, obviously, Russia is in no position to supply even such very limited needs for capital equipment as those of Bulgaria or Iran, let alone those of heavily-industrialised countries such as Poland and Czechoslovakia. But by 1950, according to the press comments on the new plan, she is to be the capital goods centre for the entire border region from the Baltic to the Straits of Korea.

Contrary to popular belief, a Five-Year Plan is not rigid. It is revised constantly in the light of economic developments and it is under constant pressure from all kinds of political and economic interests. Actually, every Five-Year Plan in the past was drastically amended during its operation, not only in detail but in direction. The 'goals' of a Five-Year Plan are not meant to be precise

production figures; they are sights to aim by. But even if we discount the figures given in the new plan as propaganda designed to prevent a slackening of the Russian production effort during the crucial period of reconversion—something not unknown in this country either—the fact remains that Russia proposes within the next five years not only to repair the ravages of the war but, by redoubled efforts, to attain the industrial capacity she would have had if the war had not interrupted her programme of economic expansion.

* * *

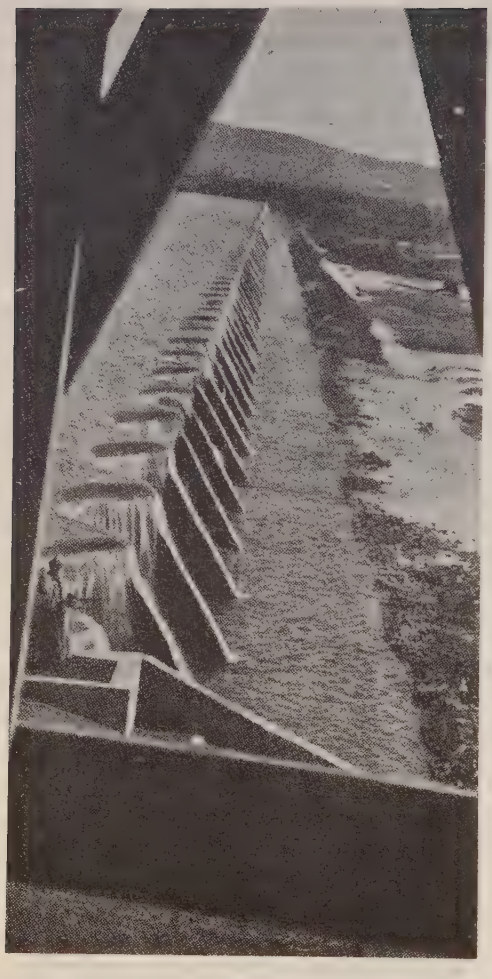
The tremendous sacrifices of the Russian people during the forced industrialisation of the pre-war years were always justified by promising them great economic improvements once the country had been made strong enough to withstand a war. But now that this war has been won, the Russian people are, apparently, to be asked for new economic sacrifices to make their country strong enough economically for the rôle as a great power to which she is entitled by her population, area, and prestige. The new Five-Year Plan differs from the old ones mainly in being more ambitious. To understand what it implies for Russia's internal and external policy, we must therefore recall what the pre-war plans were meant to achieve and how they worked.

First we must remember that, ever since 1928, the Soviet Union has been living in an extreme war economy. The production of consumer goods has been entirely subordinated to the production of capital goods and armaments. During the first plan—that is, until 1933—preparation for war was only one of the goals of a programme that aimed at building the foundations of a modern industrial economy. The methods used and their effect on the consumer were, however, the same as if Russia had intentionally prepared for war. In 1934, partly because of popular discontent brought on by the great famines in the Ukraine, the pressure was relaxed, and for two years, until late in 1936, the supply of consumers' goods increased steadily. But early in 1937—the period when the idea of collective security collapsed in the Italian sanctions crisis, when Britain was appeasing Hitler and Franco, and when Japan attacked Shanghai—Russia shifted abruptly back to a full war economy. Since 1940, she has produced practically no goods for the civilian consumer except the basic subsistence requirements in food.

In no year since 1928 has Russia invested less than 40 per cent of her national income in capital goods and war supplies. In critical years, such as 1932 and 1939, the figure went above 50 per cent. During the war it may at times have reached 75 per cent. To get the full impact of these figures, you must remember that we in the United States—a country infinitely wealthier than Soviet Russia—have never, not even in the peak years of the war, allocated more than 50 per cent of our national income to such uses. Altogether, Russian economic policy during the entire period since Stalin became the undisputed master has been based on the doctrine that the civilian economy should get only as much as is absolutely necessary to keep the people in reasonable working condition; everything above that is to go into capital investment.

The best evidence of the severity of the régime which the country imposed on itself is the impression of luxurious abundance made upon the Russian soldiers—the best supplied of all Russians—by the poverty and squalor of Eastern Europe. In Berlin they have been paying the most fantastic prices for the shoddiest merchandise salvaged by the Germans from the ruins. In Bucharest, the first foreign city most Russian soldiers had ever seen, they were overwhelmed by the 'luxury and affluence' in which the Roumanian worker lived. Yet the slums of Bucharest were probably the worst in all Europe. The Viennese worker impressed the Russian soldier as a 'bourgeois'—so much so that there has been considerable looting of working-class homes. Yet under Nazi rule Vienna—a place of dire unemployment ever since 1918—had gone almost entirely without consumer goods. To own a suit of clothes in addition to overalls, to own a radio, some china, or a watch, the things for which apparently the looters were hunting, is 'luxury' for the Russian who has gone without consumer goods for almost twenty years.

Hence there has been a gigantic 'inflationary gap' between the money income of the Russian population and the supply of goods available to them. About half of the money income of the Russian population has consistently been surplus income for which there were no goods on the market. To let this purchasing power compete for the few goods that were available would have wrecked the economy—and with it the industrialisation programme. In such a situation, the first step is, of course, rationing. But though the Russians have used rationing so extensively that money at times has been almost meaningless and ration books have been the main currency, rationing controls are not enough in such an extreme situation. It is necessary to siphon off the surplus purchasing power of the consumer.



Stalin has become a 'pyramid builder', like the Kings of Egypt. He now sets his people another five years' hard labour. Above, the dam at Magnitogorsk

This the Russians did by two methods. The first was a general sales tax concealed in the retail price of all commodities. This sales tax accounted for 60 per cent of the average retail price and took about 40 per cent of the income of the Russian consumer. Such a tax inevitably hits hardest at the low income groups which hold the bulk of the surplus purchasing power. Accordingly, the sales tax—the official Russian term is 'turnover tax'—was highest on the articles of popular consumption, such as food and clothing. The pre-war bread price, for instance, concealed a tax of 60 per cent, the sugar price one of 80 per cent. Yet bread is the staple of the Russian masses and sugar their only high energy food, as the Russian diet contains little meat, fats, or dairy products.

The other instrument of fiscal control was a tax on the farmer concealed in the fee that the government charged the collective farms for the use of tractors. This charge may have taken as much as a quarter of the farm income—and half of Russia's population still lives on the farm.

In a developed industrial economy these fiscal measures would by themselves bring about an expansion of capital goods and armaments production. But Russia lacked the first requirement of an industrial economy: an industrial labour force. When Russia began to industrialise in 1928, it was an almost wholly agricultural country. Out of a total working population of ninety million men, not more than six or seven million were employed in industry, transportation, and public utilities. Between 1928 and 1941 at least twelve million men were added to the industrial labour force—about nine million workers and three million clerks, engineers, book-keepers, and executives. Counting dependents, between twenty-five and thirty-five million people were moved into industry. Since Russia did not permit any immigration from abroad—the way in which a similar problem had been solved in this country between 1680 and 1914—the labour had to come from the farms. And at the same time the farms also had to supply the additional food to feed the new industrial workers.

This was done by collectivising the farms. The traditional Russian family farm had been too small for efficient cultivation and so backward in equipment and methods as to need far too much labour. The new programme involved consolidating small farms into one big unit, replacing manual labour by machines, and increasing the output per worker in order to cut down the number of workers needed per acre and thus to free men for work in industry. The collectivisation of the farms was thus the cornerstone of Russia's industrialisation programme and, logically, the main project of the first Five-Year Plan.

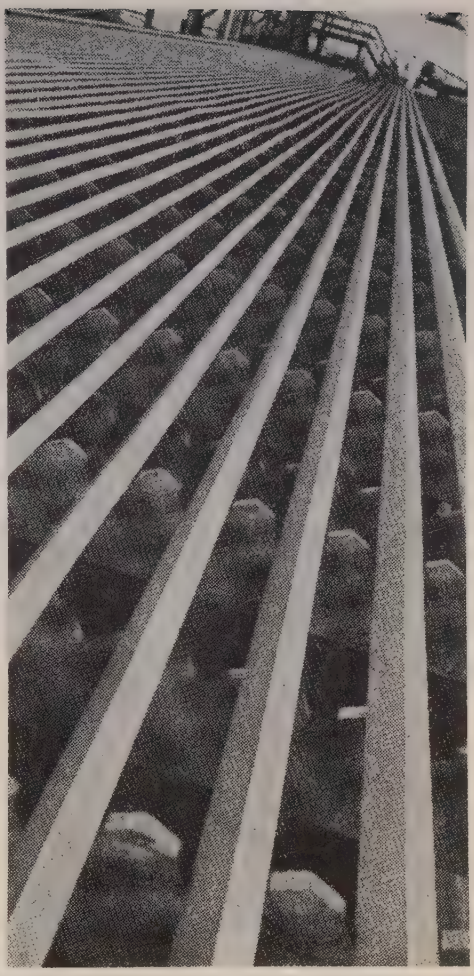
According to the official Russian version, the peasants themselves wanted collectivisation. This is blatant nonsense; the great majority were bitterly opposed and a considerable minority resisted actively. But it is just as false to see collectivisation as inspired primarily by the desire of a totalitarian régime to establish complete control over the people. Collectivisation was not the result, but the cause, of Russian totalitarianism. The transformation of the Russian farms into collectives within five years was the most violent and most radical social operation ever performed on a social body in peacetime. It could only be

achieved by the most ruthless methods and through complete regimentation. Soviet Russia in 1928 was not a democracy in any sense of the word. But it was collectivisation that made her into a police state; that made the Secret Police all-powerful, and that led to the introduction of convict-labour and concentration camps—first used for the millions of peasants who fought collectivisation—to suppress all opposition. In the last analysis the cause of Russia's development into a totalitarian state was her decision not to admit immigrants from abroad; once this decision had been taken, rapid industrialisation could be achieved only on a totalitarian basis because it could be achieved only through collectivisation. (This, incidentally, is not a purely theoretical argument about past history. For Russia, as we shall see, is again faced with the decision between allowing free immigration and Secret Police rule.)

Stalin himself was opposed to collectivisation for a long time. He clearly saw that it amounted to a major revolution which might break the régime. He gave in only because there was no other way to achieve industrialisation. Events proved his fears to have been justified. Food production collapsed, partly because of the resistance of the peasants, partly because the new tractors failed to arrive in time. The three-year famine—from 1931 to 1934—almost broke the Russian economy. The resistance of the peasants almost broke the government; it was subdued only after millions had died of starvation and more millions had been shipped off to forced labour.

By 1935, however, collectivisation had become a success. The farm population had been lowered by twenty million people, while total food production had been nearly doubled. It is true that this great increase was made possible only by a general shift from the production of high-protein foods, such as meat, vegetables, and dairy products, to crops that could be produced on mechanised farms, such as grain, potatoes, and sugar beets; yet the total supply of food to the cities increased sufficiently to take care of an increase of the urban population from forty to eighty million.

To obtain workers in sufficient quantities was one thing; to convert the peasant into an industrial worker was another. Actually, the increase in Russian industrial production from 1935 to 1941 was almost exclusively accomplished through a steady rise in industrial efficiency. This was achieved by means of a nation-wide training programme for workers, by ruthless speed-up



Magnitogorsk—Rolling shops at the Stalin metallurgical plant

methods, and by the most comprehensive system of wage inducements used in any industrial country. Altogether, the rise in industrial efficiency is probably the most impressive of Russia's achievements; it certainly was the most difficult one. In 1933, at the end of the first Five-Year Plan, Russia's industrial plants seemed on an average to be less than one-fifth as efficient as comparable American plants. By 1940 this figure had risen to 35 or 40 per cent, at least for plants that had been in operation for several years. Management efficiency, especially on the foreman level, was still very low; but it, too, was increasing in spite of the 1937–38 purges of managerial personnel.

3

THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM IN EUROPE

DR. KARL RENNER, *the veteran Austrian Socialist leader, first Chancellor of liberated Austria and now President of the new Austrian Republic*

PRESSED as we are by the most urgent daily tasks, which of us can find the leisure to mould into a thoroughly scientific system, as the great teachers of Socialism have done in the past, their experiences and views on the tragic upheavals of our time? The very men who, in the struggle for the ideal of Socialism and its practical realisation have gained the greatest number of experiences, are the least likely to find time to record their knowledge in book-form as a basis for their teachings. For is not science the systematic classification of experience? All we can do is to set down certain fundamental views gauged from experience, and if we are lucky, trace the framework of a system embodying our experiences. In this we have as our aim to open up a vista of the future for those who, today and tomorrow, work for the same cause, and to draw conclusions for our further political conduct.

Every Socialist movement of the Western World has, whether it admits it or not, its spiritual origin in Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. The fundamental theories were conceived exactly a hundred years ago. In the course of this century the world has undergone considerable changes. The European Labour Movement has not only expanded, but has also assumed different shades from one country to the other and from one year to the other. At this historic time, those differences appear in the form of two extreme poles: the British Labour Party and Russian Communism. Each of them can claim today the rule of an Empire. Between these two poles the careful observer will find transitory shades in every country.

Twenty years ago, in a discussion with spokesmen of the Third International, I defined it thus: 'Every country has its own Marxism'. According to Marx, the political and spiritual superstructure of society is determined by economic conditions. From this I concluded that since each country has a specific economic foundation of its own, the working class of each country must behave differently both in thought and in action, whatever conclusions the theoreticians of Marxism may draw from the writings of the masters.

What happened in Russia in 1917 was just as inevitable as the disintegration of the German Social Democrats after 1917, or the fact that the British working class rallied to the ranks of the Labour Party without any deep social changes. It would be quite wrong to read into these developments any kind of aggressive 'isms' (revolutionism, reformism). In each case the same 'Marxism' encountered totally different conditions and therefore yielded different results.

Each period, too, has its own particular form of Marxism. The period of germination was characterised above all by thinkers and prophets—no mass-movement yet, conscious and sure of its aim, but schools of thought and creed, all fighting each other (the followers of Proudhon, Owen, Marx, Lassalle, etc.). Then the idea began to take hold of the masses and the picture changed: inspiring orators, impassioned journalists (like Bebel and Liebknecht in Germany), their listeners and their readers. The loose soil was husbanded by experienced organisers, who achieved fame but rarely, and whose names carried weight only with those who knew them, but whose work was just as important and soon became even more important than that of the 'Leaders' who preceded them. Trade Union Co-operatives, Cultural Associations of various kinds, complimented and supported the political movement and the Parties.

In its further course the movement created institutions, won positions in local government, in economic life, in the state. The efficient administrator was promoted to leadership. His success or failure may often have been decisive for the political accomplishment of the whole working class, as was shown by the conquest of Vienna by the Social Democrats in the years 1920 to 1934.

We, the Viennese, underwent, in those years an experience both depressing and inspiring. We won over the municipal administration of the Austrian capital, and a few administrators (such as Breitner, Weber, Tandler, etc.), hitherto almost unknown in the Party, established Vienna's social institutions. And it was through these men that the Party gained the confidence of the whole city. But at the same time it was very difficult indeed to persuade the editors of the

Arbeiterzeitung (the official organ of the Austrian Social Democratic Party) to publish adequate reports on these achievements. The Heroes of Theory, of the Word and the Pen, were reluctant to acknowledge a new, a rival hero, the Hero of Accountancy, the Administrator. In the same way, the 'nothing-but-politicians' of former days were wont to view with contempt people like Trade Unionists, co-operators, in fact the men with the 'daily bread' politics. What a crime against Marx was this overbearing attitude!

This transition from thinker to administrator, from prophet to accountant was the symptom of a great social and economic development. Whoever has lived long enough as an observer has witnessed this change and has understood if he has kept his eyes open.

Karl Marx has covered every known form of capitalism. Not one is missing from his system. Yet their value has changed both in quality and in quantity. Marx's 'capitalist', the type from which his analysis proceeds, is the individual *entrepreneur* who picks his individual worker on the labour market, the market of freedom and equality, and with a chuckle brings him back into his factory, into the hell of industrial slavery. In principle, this may be valid for any period. In practice it is the exception today and certainly this capitalist is no longer the preponderant type. Today the capitalist—or one of his paid agents—engages the worker in a public or Trade Union labour exchange. The worker no longer concludes a free contract but enters into a State-regulated or Trade Union-regulated employment agreement, elects his shop steward, brings his claims before a special tribunal, and so on. All this was still *terra incognita* to Karl Marx, but it was clearly foreseen by him, though not in all its far-reaching consequences. The enormous, all-controlling part played by the cartels, trusts and banks which strangle all individual capital, engulf entire states, and dominate state and society, was not included by Marx in the total weight of capitalism. The struggle of labour against capital would be but a puny effort, at the present state of development, were it limited to a fight of the individual worker against his individual employer. The struggle against this giant can only be waged with the concentrated political and economic power of a thoroughly organised working class. It is therefore waged far more in the political than in the economic sphere. It is true that this struggle cannot be comprehended without a basic training in the teachings of Karl Marx. But it can only be understood completely and waged successfully if one studies and takes into consideration almost a hundred years of Capitalist development, which has been progressing step by step from individual to collective Capitalism. Such studies have undoubtedly justified the following conclusions.

Every epoch has its own specific Marxism. Partisans of doctrinaire polemics can, of course, find matter for another 'ism' in each successive decade. In these considerations, 'epoch' should not be understood in terms of the calendar. An ancient people may possess a very new Capitalism, like Japan. A backward people may possess an old Capitalism if politics and economics have not kept in step, as in India. These, and similar reasons, explain the completely different social structure of great empires within the same period of time (for example, Russia, Great Britain and the United States in 1917). It was therefore natural that their Socialist slogans should also be completely different. But it is in its relations with the state that the Labour Movement varied even more than in the general categories of 'space' and 'time'.

The young Labour Movement stood completely aside from the state. The worker was nothing but a subject to its power, which was vested in the capitalist class alone. At the beginning this class rule was moreover still cloaked by the power of absolute monarchy and feudalism. The worker was nothing but a subject, the state nothing but an oppressor. The ultimate aim of the working class was either that the state should have to be overthrown and liquidated (anarchist tendency) or that the state should fall into decay (Friedrich Engels). All this was the spiritual counterpart of the material situation—and quite rightly so, according to Karl Marx.

But in these hundred years all that has changed completely. Not only did Emperors, Tsars, Sultans disappear from the Western world, but the former subject of an authoritarian state became the common citizen of a republic, theoretically enjoying equal rights and casting his vote in a system of universal and equal franchise.

That was a great step forward, but it did not mean everything. At first the proletarian citizen found himself in opposition to the state. For a considerable time he could not decide whether to try and overthrow the state or to make use of it. Hence the theoretical quarrel fifty years ago: that social laws were to be rejected since they only watered down the class struggle (the original attitude adopted by Bebel in the Reichstag).

Soon the protection of the worker was resisted only in words. Then gradually it was quite openly aimed at. Ultimately it was even systematically developed. Step by step the working class learned to make use of the state (Social Hygiene, Maternal and Infant Welfare, Housing,

etc.). It took a considerable time for the entire class to understand that actually the state was the most suitable institution, nay, often the only possible medium, for creating efficient Socialism. The slogan about watering down the class struggle was apparently no longer valid. For the class struggle was then being continued, not as a struggle against the state, but as a struggle for its conquest. In the end it was even discovered that the state with its whole machinery was a convenient means of wresting private trusts, cartels and great key industries from the hands of individuals and of socialising them. In other words, a spiritual veering of a hundred and eighty degrees! The fundamental conditions had changed, and with them the ideological superstructure. All according to Karl Marx.

The bourgeois opposition—inconceivable to former ideas, the ruling bourgeois class had become the opposition—turned furiously against State control, against the belief in state power of those who had formerly rebelled against the state.

Even within the Socialist ranks resistance rose against State Socialism which was alleged to be fundamentally identical with State Capitalism. This resistance came from the ranks of the Trade Unions and Co-operatives. Both raised the call for an economic democracy. The Trade Unions demanded a share in the administration of industrial undertakings; the Co-operatives wished to organise new undertakings based solely on working-class enterprise. Eventually there was a general claim not only for nationalisation but for socialisation, that is to say, for the participation of the producing workers and the consumers of their products in the administration of enterprises.

That was the period of co-operative and municipal Socialism, the period of our 'Administrators' who had arrived with the intention of organising systematically the entire economy and gradually to eliminate both the capitalists ('Expropriate the Expropriators!'), and state bureaucracy ('The State must decay!').

'Planned Socialist Economy' was the slogan. The successful planner became the latest addition to our gallery of heroes.

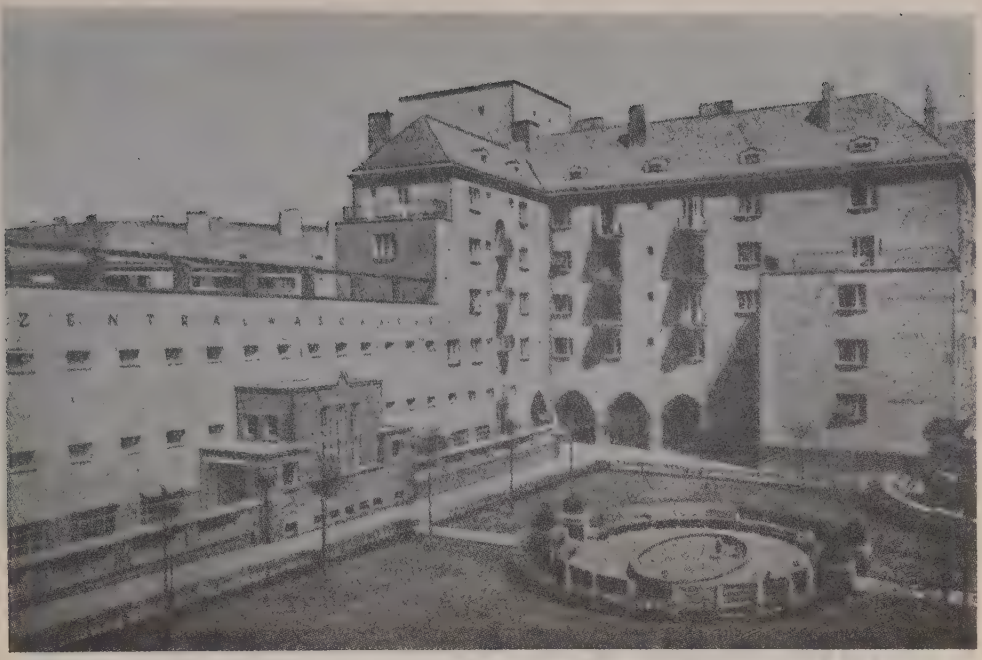
This outline could be continued and the development towards Socialism might be shown by many more examples. Yet I believe that the facts quoted are sufficient to prove that it is advisable and timely to have done with quarrels between different schools and tendencies. One must act according to place, time and conditions, and refrain from passing judgment on those who are forced to build on different foundations. If one must have a school, let it be the school of activism, of immediate intervention in the general development on the basis of actual experience and not according to theories. An ounce of actual experience is of greater value to the movement than a pound of theoretical wisdom.

If one can see the development of the last century in this light and if one compares the present average status of the European working class with that of all the preceding stages of development, one will immediately come to the conclusion that Socialism has entered the period of its realisation. Everywhere the workers are reaching for the state. In many countries they have seized it; in some others they have learnt to handle it and have thereby achieved valiant results. The essential is, if not exclusive rule, at least participation in the rule of the state.

The working class itself has undergone profound changes. The former paradigm of the uniform and uniformly enslaved proletarian no longer holds good. The economic categories of 'wage' and 'wage-earner' today cover a considerable range. A veritable hierarchy of workers has come into being, ranging from the simple unskilled worker to the skilled worker, from the employed wage earner to the man in an official and eventually managerial position. In a constantly growing number of cases it is no longer the capitalist who acts in a capitalist capacity. He is represented by a delegate who himself is not a capitalist, but an 'administrator'. He could, therefore, carry on his work just as well in a socialised as in a private enterprise, and will be quite ready to do so if we know how to champion our cause. But a wrongly interpreted call for class struggle could ultimately result in our alienating most deeply the very men whom we shall need most urgently when we have achieved our aim. Such fighting methods, which are liable to be misinterpreted, have been to a large extent responsible for driving the 'administrators' into the ranks of the Fascists, who were thus supplied with personnel in leading positions.

It is not easy to outline today's involved situation, so different in the various parts of the world. Perhaps the attempt may seem rather too schematic if I formulate it as follows. The aims and means of capitalist economy have grown beyond all individual states or countries. In every kind of producing machinery there is, so to speak, an atomic energy which has gradually freed itself and wants to embrace entire continents. In order to work out a planned economy for coal, oil, metals, grain and all standard machinery, it is necessary to think in terms not of countries, not of continents, but of the universe. National economy has become intrinsically world economy.

Therefore those capitalist states which rebel



The Krimskykaserne, built by the Viennese Socialists for workmen. The Russians thought they were so luxurious that the workmen must be 'Capitalists'

against this new law must necessarily come up against each other—the reactionary states which aim at limiting world economy within the frontiers of states must necessarily collide with this law and founder.

Economics, or to put it more personally, Karl Marx, teaches us—if we follow his thought to its conclusion—that the idea of an International is on its way to becoming a reality. Thus the war represents only the enormous labours for the birth of a new era which demands that all the states of the universe should be given a completely modified form. The only means of avoiding the sufferings of transition is to bring about in a straightforward manner a state of affairs which is inevitable: that is, to reorganise the whole world consciously as an indivisible economic community, a universal entity.

But who can be the champion of this cause, and who can fulfil this task? Solely and uniquely the International of the Proletariat. It is in this spirit that we have to build not a fourth but the first true classless International, a community with a clear unambiguous, lofty aim, the highest aim which the human mind has ever set itself to reach.

But are we not already, in the midst of the present turmoil—although still semi-consciously, yet quite unmistakably—on the way to accomplishing this aim? Let us be fully conscious of that which our predecessors foresaw throughout a century. Can we not see that even the capitalistic, the bourgeois world is unable to avoid toying with the idea of just such a universal entity; that it is attempting by the timorous experiment of a new League of Nations to harness to its particular aims an idea which was originally our idea? Is this not a sure indication that even on this point Socialism has entered the stage of its realisation?

Therefore let us be activists also in this case. For the toying with ideas which is practised by the ruling class, let us substitute our own vital action. In the same way that it is true that the entire development of a whole century in all spheres has stage by stage drawn nearer to our ultimate aims, it is also certain that if we inscribe on our banners an all-embracing world order of peace, we have got to be victorious in this particular sphere. Socialists in all countries must be united and guided by the common endeavour to integrate each particular state economically and politically in the community of peace—the universal entity. Let this be the motto of European Socialism—this is the way to Socialist victory.

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Quito, Ecuador. Old Spanish bridge

LATIN-AMERICA
THE OPPORTUNITY FOR BRITAIN

J. L. ALEXANDER

To the people of this country South and Central America seem the remotest and least attention-compelling parts of the globe. The war has made household words of atolls in the Pacific and African oases, and the geographical knowledge of the insular British public must have been considerably enlarged since 1939. But the limelight has seldom fallen on that vast territory which stretches from the Rio Grande to the Horn. It fell there for brief intervals when the German Navy felt the first deep bite of Nelson's heirs on the River Plate, when Brazil gave concrete evidence of her willingness to fight the Axis and the parlour-soldiers of Buenos Aires jostled one another in their efforts to imitate its leaders.

But, coming from Latin-America and the United States, one is inevitably struck by the complete absence of news from the southern continent in the daily press, and the ease with which one can lose touch with things that a week or two ago were so near one and which had a significance in the world-picture. Because of the abundant American agency reporting on European and Asiatic affairs in the South American press and the world-wide cover in the voluminous United States dailies and news magazines, one feels more in touch with current events on a plateau in the Andes than in Little Slopham-in-the-Marsh! Thence one can survey the world; here daily news from the other side of the Atlantic is negligible, and an intelligent and necessary appreciation of the importance of events in Kansas and Quito is confined to a few reviews with an all too limited circulation.

Whereas the ignorance of, and lack of interest in, external affairs characteristic of the Middle West farmer is lamentable and a danger to world security against aggression, it is essential that in these small islands, dependent as they are on overseas trade, men and women should once again become world-conscious as in the great days of adventure and expansion. We are too small to be able to afford to look no further than the pub at the corner and the gossip in the local news.

Mr. Simon Harcourt-Smith made a bold, adventurous and difficult proposition in a recent magazine article—the formation of a Western European Union. 'Impossible!' many will say, and it is they who will be responsible if we fall from the position of a first-class power. Bold, adventurous and difficult aims should be the order of the day and throughout the future years, and

Modern buildings in Sao Paulo, Brazil

the British people, on farm, in mill and factory, should look outward to the ends of the earth as their forbears did when brothers and sons sailed in their wooden shells to the Spice Islands, sought the treasures of the Indus and the Orinoco and filled our ports with the rich produce of Jamaica and Canton. Though there are no El Dorados for which to search, and the great gold reefs, discovered by our grandfathers, have been exploited, there is still opportunity and reason for interest in the lands beyond the oceans nobler and far greater than the accumulation of riches which prompted our ancestors, in the last and preceding centuries, to imperial expansion.

To remain great and to recover from the exhausting years of war, the United Kingdom must not only recapture its overseas markets but find new ones. And in this the young Latin-American countries are all-important to us. Our commercial reputation was excelled by none. British goods are definitely preferred, but there are practically none in supply at the moment and United States products have taken their place. It is imperative that we should turn the wheels of the export trade with the least possible delay, otherwise the preference will be forgotten and the demand disappear because the customers will have become used to other makes, even though they be inferior.

Throughout the ten South American States, British steel, cloth, china, household goods and engineering are regarded as the finest in the world, and a reputation of this kind lifts trade above the vulgar, mundane affair which the unimaginative suppose it. By making the best to meet the needs of people of another tongue and race thousands of miles away across the ocean, and by taking, as did his forbears, an interest in their land and way of life, the worker in Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield or Stafford is doing more than helping to restore the wellbeing of his own country and earn his daily bread—he is ennobling industry and reviving the romance of commerce; he is contributing to international understanding and mutual respect.

The people of South and Central America not only need our manufactured goods but, more important still, if we are to succeed in building a unified and peaceful world-order, every spiritual and cultural contact and contribution that we can make. Just as the drying up of material supplies from Germany, Italy, and Japan has opened a huge field of commercial enterprise for us with only one big competitor already in the field, so has the war demonstrated the spiritual bankruptcy of these same countries and turned the Latin-American's heart and mind towards the people of Britain and their magnificent tradition. Before the war the greatest cultural affinity was felt with France, but this has naturally suffered, and admiration for the spirit which enabled these islands to resist and endure has led to an awakening to the fact that we have a culture as great as any race in the world and that our literature and language are the first in modern civilisation. The interest in France and the French was almost purely academic, but now that it has become patent that English and Spanish are by far the

Plaza de la Constitucion, Montevideo, Uruguay

most important tongues in the post-war world, the South American has discovered the happy fact that, if he can write a business letter in English from his office, he can also enjoy Shakespeare or Shaw in his hours of leisure. Joint local and British Institutes, where students and members gather after the day's work to attend English classes or to study some aspect of British culture, have sprung up throughout the continent. The teaching of English has become part of the curriculum in nearly all schools.

Until the necessity of war forced our lax and Treasury-tied administration to the conclusion that it was essential to combat the preponderance of enemy propaganda throughout the world and to make ourselves known to other nations, the bulk of Latin-Americans knew little about us, and their main impression of us as a race must have been formed from the commercial representatives who travelled the continent. The little they knew they admired; but they have only recently begun to realise that we are both a great cultural, and a great industrial force in the modern world. Due to our own slackness, and exceedingly efficient work on the part of the Reich Ministry of Propaganda, they had, in common with most other countries, come to believe that Britain and the Empire were decadent and that their days were numbered. Even today many South Americans find it difficult to grasp the picture as a whole—owing to the Government-sponsored work of the British Council and M.O.I. they have had our cultural achievements, our language and our war effort fairly well presented to them (but the field covered by these two bodies is necessarily limited), but our six years of withdrawal from the field of commerce has tended to make them forget that we are also a mighty industrial nation. There is an inclination, economically dangerous to ourselves, to think that the spiritual inspiration, so necessary to the Hispano-American, can be supplied by Great Britain instead of France, whereas the United States is the natural supplier of their material needs.

The truth is that we can be both, and the sooner we act upon this realisation and opportunity, the better. We have the chance of building up a solid bloc of ten states, all except one of which are united by a common language and tradition, into a commercial and cultural brotherhood with us. But we must act and give the lead now—by being less niggardly in the financing of our non-commercial activities on the one hand and by immediately starting a full-scale effort to win back our markets and to find new ones on the other. In this everything is, for the moment, in our favour. The only other two great powers who are our natural, but friendly, competitors are handicapped by mistrust and one is new to this field. We, on the other hand, are free from the suspicion of having imperial or ideological axes to grind; and that is an invaluable asset in dealing with peoples whose two great fears are that of becoming virtual economic dependencies of a mighty capitalist power and, on the other, of left-wing political upheaval.

There is no gainsaying that the North Americans are not unreservedly loved by their southern

The President's Palace in Havana, Cuba

brethren. This is especially true in those republics where their investments are greatest. The people of these countries, which must have foreign capital and technicians to develop their vast natural resources, resent this very necessity and dread what they consider to be the imperialistic aims of American financiers and Big Business. Venezuela is a particular example of this attitude. The States, a section of whose politicians have not been slow to criticise our own direction of the Empire, are themselves largely to blame for this. Their men of business do not always understand Latin susceptibilities and too often give the impression that they are only out for selfish exploitation. The State Department's handling of Argentina was, as many North Americans recognised, clumsy and caused resentment even in the most democratically minded republics. The attempt to coerce or intimidate the internal government, however odious the character of that government may be, of one of their number by the powerful northern neighbour was felt to be the thin end of the wedge. Moreover the Latin is somewhat sceptical by nature and does not readily believe that lofty altruism is the guiding motive in foreign policy.

Unfortunately the United States have for many years tolerated on the American continent the existence of Fascist governments as odious as their European counterparts, and the denunciation of the militarists in Argentina therefore lost something of its force. Gomez of Venezuela and other tyrants throughout South and Central America have, in the past, been regarded as the maintainers of order and stability and did much to assure the prosperity of foreign companies—a blind eye was conveniently turned to the methods by which this was achieved. Even while United States armies were fighting tyranny in Europe, despots, whose admiration for the Axis was obvious, have been recognised as the lawful rulers of Guatemala and other states and have been left free to sit on the plunder taken from a people whose voices were muted by the rattle of machine guns. These same people can hardly be blamed for seeing something of a paradox in the fact that Europe was being liberated while their own streets, so near to the borders of the big neighbour, were red with the blood of students who had cried out for the same freedom.

Russia, who has only recently opened diplomatic relations with the South American republics, is equally suspect. She has no economic interest in the continent, yet her new Embassies are lavishly housed and staffed. Communism and the Soviet have long been the bogies throughout the continent, and the presence of these missions has caused misgivings among a large section of the population.

The whole situation is, as I have tried to stress, most favourable to ourselves. The war has inevitably caused a swing in favour of true democracy and away from the time-honoured dictatorships, and there is mistrust of any form of 'ism'—whether it be grand scale Capitalism, Fascism, Communism, or Commercial Imperialism. Our political institutions and way of life are

regarded with the highest admiration, and there is a widespread desire to emulate them. At the same time these undeveloped countries would welcome any assistance that we can give them to exploit their vast natural resources and our enterprise would be free from suspicion. One of the most serious defects at present is a lack of adequate presentation of news from this country. Except for Buenos Aires, Reuters has disappeared and left the field to the American agencies. The result has been that our part in the war has not been sufficiently publicised in the press, and neither we nor the South Americans received enough day-to-day news or information about each other. It is only by an early repairing of such gaps and by intensive activity in the cultural and commercial fields now that we can seize an opportunity that may never recur.

SAVE BRITAIN BY SAVING EUROPE!

PIERSE LOFTUS, M.P. for Lowestoft Division (1934–1945)

DURING the war years we were so preoccupied with immediate urgencies and plans for our own national reconstruction that we failed to realise how difficult it would be to restore the very foundations of European civilisation, and the distinguishing characteristics which have made it great, and of such power and influence throughout the world.

The task before us, the salvage and reconstruction of Europe, is indeed formidable, but on its success depend *all* our own high hopes of reconstruction and improvement here at home. Yet there is a possibility that the Continent may be stricken so sorely that our hopes and plans for its restoration may fail; and that Europe, which has so greatly dominated and influenced the whole world in religion, thought and science, in politics and war, in art and industry, may indeed have fallen for ever from pride of place, and may sink into a continuing penurious decline, falling under the control of Asiatic power—and Asiatic ways of thought.

In the decade before 1939 many of our leading public men warned us that another world war 'might bring about the end of European civilisation'. These eminent men may have been right. We cannot tell as yet. Many civilisations have fallen never to rise again. Almost every continent is littered with their remains, though in their time each appeared great, and apparently enduring. The records of Egypt and of Rome show that these peoples at least believed as fondly in their permanence as we today in ours. They would have been incapable of believing that barbarism would overwhelm them, and all the knowledge and arts and crafts become lost for centuries.

In these times it is well to bear in mind the sombre phrase of the greatest of our archæologists, 'Civilisation is an intermittent phenomenon'.

A civilisation may be compared with a farm. It is the result of the toil and care of many generations, which a few years of folly or neglect or disaster may destroy beyond repair. This we may observe today in the dust-bowl-man-created-desert now forming in the heart of the United States.

A fault of the present age is that we are so absorbed in plans for building the brave new world of the future that we fail to realise how necessary it is to maintain and consolidate all the good in the great achievements of the past which we have inherited from our ancestors. With civilisations, with nations, and indeed with individuals in their daily lives, while it is necessary to expend effort in planning for the future, at least as much energy must be used in preserving the gains of the past, so as to prevent retrogression, and to establish a sure basis for further advance.

The problem now facing us, the salvage and restoration of Europe, is indeed gigantic and formidable.

Much of the plant of civilisation, the accumulated work of generations, has been destroyed over the greater part of the Continent.

The land of the farms has been overworked, under-manured and impoverished. Much of the livestock has been taken by the conquering armies—first by the Germans, and then, on a greater scale over wider areas of the best farm lands of Europe, by the conquering Russian armies. For this reason the production of food from the rich soils of Poland and Hungary during this and the coming years will amount to but a fraction of the former output leading, probably,

to a heavy death roll from famine during the coming months.

Then there is the grave deterioration in health and in physique, with heavy increases in tuberculosis and other diseases, due to lack of adequate food and warmth and shelter. That decline, even in France, has not yet been checked, and indeed in some places has increased rather than diminished. It is a matter of extreme urgency that, even at the cost of temporary sacrifices here at home, we should aid the restoration of the health of Europe by the provision of adequate foodstuffs from the Americas and the British Commonwealth.

There must also be serious damage, often with permanent results (especially in the case of children) to the nervous systems of millions. Men, women, and children have been living for years under conditions of terror: a new, strange, and terrible experience for men of Western and Central Europe, however accustomed and acclimatised may be the peoples of the East to such a state of existence. There was ever present during those bitter years of German occupation the fear of sudden invasion of the home by the secret police, during any hour, by day or by night.

Today, beyond all else, the ordinary man and woman in most parts of Europe must desire freedom from the secret police and from spies: freedom to stand up and speak his mind without having to glance over his shoulder for fear someone overhears and reports what he says. It is a tragic and lamentable fact that in liberated countries, such as Poland and Serbia, the secret police are more numerous, and as ruthless, *and the concentration camps as full now as when under German domination.*

All these factors, together with the other terrors of war, including the recurrent bombing attacks endured by us and by many millions in nearly every country in Europe, must have grave results, and it would appear that many children who have undergone these things continuously must suffer from physical defects and neurotic tendencies throughout all their lives. It is on the children of today that our hopes rest for the future of Europe, and the continuation of the great European heritage. Yet we must realise that they will not be the same; they will not be as normal in mind and body as before these six years of suffering and endurance.

But gravest of all, perhaps, is the rapid continuing degeneration in the *moral* standards and sense of values which has been in evidence indeed during the past thirty years, but which has been vastly accelerated by this war.

Before the previous war, Europe had certainly a great civilisation based upon increasing freedom and humanitarianism. Before 1914, for instance, intercourse between nations was unrestricted. An individual could travel freely anywhere in Europe (except in Russia and Turkey) without a passport or identity card or any official papers. There then existed a general sense of right and justice which demanded a high standard of decent government in all nations, so that if one individual anywhere (a Dreyfus or even a blind cobbler in Zabern) appeared to suffer injustice, the moral conscience of the civilised world was roused, in press and on platform, to such vehement protest that even the strongest governments were forced to defend or repudiate such actions openly before the world.

Nowadays we have been so fed to repletion on cruelties and flagrant injustices that our moral sense appears to have become dull, and we seem now almost immune to pity, and incapable of that former national righteous indignation with tyranny.

For instance, we know, or should and could have known, of the terrible sufferings of the million and a half Polish men, women and children who were torn from their homes in 1939, and deported to the Siberian wastes or the Arctic forests, many to die of exposure and starvation. Yet though these people were our most gallant and loyal allies, and though this was a humanitarian and not a political matter (as was pointed out by the late Miss Rathbone in a moving speech in Parliament), hardly another voice was raised in Parliament *or the press* to endeavour to mitigate the lot of the survivors.

The strongest, though not the only, agent for the appalling degeneration of the moral standards of Europe has been the Nazi régime, and possibly the worst of the many and horrible crimes of that system was the re-introduction into Europe, after a lapse of centuries, of the vile use of continuous varied torture as a normal part of the mechanism of the police, and indeed of courts.

Moreover, the German occupation has of necessity led to a general decline in that customary respect for law which has existed in European countries for many centuries. It was indeed inevitable that this should happen, because in such occupied countries it became the duty of the patriotic citizen to indulge in sabotage, to organise black markets and to evade, oppose and disregard the law. But respect for the law is the essential foundation of civilisation, above all for the free genuine democratic state, and such a respect has been part of the tradition of Europe. Peoples have been, as it were, conditioned to

it, and it will be a most difficult but necessary task for the governments of these liberated countries to restore, especially among the youthful citizens, the old ingrained habits of citizenship, including the traditional respect for the sacredness of human life and the elementary rights of the individual.

These are the difficulties we have to face in our endeavour to save Europe from disaster. And we have to save Europe if we wish to save ourselves. But what aids, what signposts, have we to guide our footsteps through this European labyrinth?

The peoples of Europe are now looking to us for salvation as never before in our history. They gaze across the channel (*tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore*) hoping that we will now be true to our great traditions; that we will not betray by our indifference, by our silence, by our cowardly acquiescence, those great ideals for which England has stood throughout her great history.

They look to us as of old to maintain our love of the freedom of nations and of individuals, and to uphold our traditional standards of decent, kindly, humane government, and not to condone by inaction or silence their flagrant violation. Above all, they look to us to use our utmost endeavours to restore and maintain freedom for, without the air of freedom, Europe dies. For nearly three thousand years Europe has been haunted by, and has pursued, intermittently yet persistently, the splendid dream of human freedom. This, combined with the Christian faith, has given that characteristic dynamic quality to European civilisation which has caused it to accomplish such great things and to permeate the world. That characteristic has to be saved from the evil totalitarianism which seeks to control and shape and utilise for its own purpose the work, the speech and the very thoughts of every individual.

Men are troubled and doubtful today. England does not appear to speak with the same clear, uncompromising voice as of old. In her press the full truth of the position of affairs in European countries *is not to be found.* One must go to the American or Swiss newspapers to obtain this. If there are, as of old there always were, able, impartial British press correspondents abroad in all European countries, either it would appear that their objective reports are not published, or they are amended and emasculated, to conform to the policy of the Foreign Office, or to suit editorial ideas.

We had indeed 'our finest hour' in 1940 when we stood alone for freedom and the rights of man. We were the hope of the world, and in all countries men looked to us as their one hope of salvation from tyranny. In August 1941, the promulgation of the Atlantic Charter ensured us the full moral support of mankind. But, alas! at the Yalta Conference we sacrificed the ends for which we entered the war for the means to ensure speedy victory. Read again the terms of this Charter: 'No population to be transferred to another government without their free consent; no rectification of frontiers until the Peace Conference after the war'. Then contemplate the present Europe as the result of Yalta, the fate of the Baltic States, of Poland, of Serbia. We have allowed without protest the gallant and most loyal Poles, who aided us so greatly in the Battle of Britain, and the Serbs who fought when the Croats refused—we have allowed them to be tyrannised and starved by an alien puppet government imposed by, and trained by, a great foreign power: a government representing but a small minority and propped up by foreign gold and foreign arms.

We have indeed won the war which we entered to defend the freedom of nations, large and small, against mere force, disregarding all treaties, and for liberty and decent democratic governments. We fought as of old to prevent one totalitarian state dominating all Europe, and swallowing up and absorbing any nation it desired.

We have won the war, but it appears that we may be losing the peace, and that this great crusade for human freedom and Christian values and ideals will end in the destruction of democracy and free speech in the greater part of Europe, and the establishment of secret police, concentration camps and mass-deportations as part of the normal machinery of European governments.

It is time that, even now, the voice of Britain and of the Commonwealth reasserted the ancient ideals for which our people stand. It is time to have done with lies and evasions and subterfuges, and to apply the elementary tests of genuine democracy to systems and governments claiming that proud title. We have titles manifold to speak fearlessly and openly, and if we dare by our voice, by our precepts, by our example, we may yet save Europe, and save also our own most valuable asset—our moral strength and reputation which, in former generations and previous great Continental conflicts, has made the nations turn towards us, and support us in our struggles against any one tyrannical government dominating all the peoples of Europe.

THE MALTA MESS

JOSEPHINE BURNS DE BONO

EVERYONE who, in the words of Burke, aspires 'to a liberty that is liberal', fought this war and won it in the light of an ideal, that democracy should everywhere lead people to a better way of life. In the Empire, Malta may be taken as a test-case, a touchstone as to whether we are sincere or insincere, truthful or untruthful.

What Malta did in the war is history; what Malta has become since the war is tragedy. As I have seen a thousand times a great pall of dust settle over the island after a bombing attack, so now a great pall of darkness is settling over this stricken island.

In the first place, the Maltese are a warrior-people, neither beggars sitting by the road-side of the Mediterranean, nor charity-children emerging from some dark, anthropological savagery. They have treasured and kept a millenary civilisation, founded on the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. They have never failed either Europe or themselves, but they are now facing the severest ordeal in their history in the reconstruction of their island home that is battered to the ground.

It was an Englishman who told the world that, to be a man, one must be prepared to 'see the work you gave your life to, broken, and stoop and build it up with worn-out tools.' The world of Kipling was that of yesterday, but the truth remains. That is Malta's position, only for 'life' substitute 'history'.

To thinking Europeans, Malta is one of the keystones of the new Europe: a cure here will do much to cure the whole of Southern Europe. A failure here (and we have a complete failure at present) will show to the outer world the weakness of the Imperial system under the strain of the aftermath of war.

This is no case of teaching a savage people to assume the habits of the mission-school. The Maltese, with the wisdom of centuries in their patient eyes, have held Christianity since before Augustine reached England, or Patrick arose in Ireland. That is the only thing that has never failed them. They have been betrayed by power after power that rose and fell in a crash of spray broken on the rocks of fate. Carthage is as yesterday to them; Rome still lingers in their courts. The France of Napoleon, against which they spontaneously revolted, the first in Europe to do so successfully, when, assuming their own sovereignty, they called in Nelson to their aid, is still remembered in their village tales. And they look with wondering and fearful eyes at the devastation which their further resistance against a further tyrant of Europe, Nazi Germany, has brought to every home and field.

There are thinking people among the Maltese: men and women who speak three or four languages, besides their own ancient and beautiful tongue, people who have read and studied the literature, the history and the art of Europe, and who have an eloquence in their courts both in English and in their own tongue, comparable with the Irish wit of a Carson, or the impassioned pathos of a Marshall Hall. The traditions of English thought are more closely studied in Malta than anywhere, except among the cream of students and thinkers in England. Their writings and speech in Maltese have the biting, corrosive wit and subtlety of the Athenian; and their love for dialectics is of the same Attic essence. They are a cosmopolitan, wise people, who take the best from the civilisations of the world. They are essentially European in outlook and in association. Among the professional classes students of the University take further English degrees with surprising ease, if they can spare the time and the money to engage on post-graduate courses in the United Kingdom. The Maltese, in wit, knowledge and spirit, are not alien to Irishmen. In fact, they are very similar.

The peasantry is very similar to a European peasantry anywhere: akin to the French peasantry, the Irish, Spanish or Italian. Here is the same pre-Reformation life of toil, and frugal care, centred round the village church and the village square. If you know one peasant, you know all the world's peasants. Only the Maltese peasant is faced with a sternness of life that demands the utmost endeavour for the most scanty reward. The thin layer of soil, sun-baked in the sub-tropical summers and dried out by sun and wind, is tilled in inches, conserved with rubble walls against devastating winter rain, and barely and hardly irrigated in the eight months of summer drought. Lack of water is the keystone of the farmers' miseries, and only those who farm against lack of water know what this means. Malta is an Egypt without a Nile.

The Industrial Revolution, like the 'Reformation', never came to Malta. But the industrial

Typical inland Maltese village

workers, some thirty thousand of them, are the key-point in Malta's difficulties. Owing to lack of power, water and minerals, Malta has not been allowed to develop any major industries (beyond brewing), which might compete with defence needs. Thus H.M. Dockyard is still the paramount employer in industry, and the three Defence Departments set the pace for industrial wages and conditions in general. It is on dockyard wages and employment that the financial stability of the Island largely depends. And the conditions at present are such that a labourer is quite unable to buy the barest necessities of life, as the wages are calculated to give him a *fellahin* existence, and the Maltese labourer has, and always has had, European living standards. Allied to this, the rise in the cost of living is some 300 per cent over 1939 standards, and subsidies have been taken off staples such as bread and paste, while the bonus is entirely inadequate to meet everyday requirements for food, clothing, housing and transport. The fixed, and far too low, wage of the dockyard worker is the most serious grievance that Malta has in the employment sphere, and that grievance is held against Britain, who is the employer. The days are gone when riot and disorder alone focused attention on Malta. Today there is a powerful and efficient General Workers' Union, with strong Union officials, which is shortly joining up with the General and Transport Workers' Union of the United Kingdom. Reggie Miller created this 24,000-strong Union in two years, and it has its own paper, the *Torch* (in English and in Maltese). The Maltese worker today is Union-minded, and he is very definitely united for a purpose: not to wreck the defence possibilities of Malta, but to assure Maltese workers that that 'liberal liberty', for which we thought we had been fighting, means something in Malta too!

The Government in its Civil Service is the great employer for the black-coated worker. It sets the pace for wages and conditions, and here again the bonus over the 1939 wage is so much too inadequate that the majority of Civil Servants are half-starved, and heavily in debt to money-lenders. They are so much intimidated that, in spite of their associations, they do not succeed in even getting a fair hearing from the powers that be.

Private industry takes the slack in the employment market, if there is any. Usually there is a fair amount in the clerical grades, as the curse of Malta is that clerical work, for some reason, is considered to be more honourable than manual labour. That is the same everywhere, and is one of the root faults in most systems of education. The wages paid in private industry depend on the rate current in the Dockyard and in the Defence Departments. As they look to Government, which in turn looks to them, there results a competition in keeping down wages, which

Dockyard workers want higher wages

means that social standards are deliberately kept low by that very Protecting Power that, in every Cabinet Minister's speech, pays lip-service to keeping them high.

As regards the efficiency of Maltese workers in comparison with those in other Mediterranean ports, two facts are impressive. They were capable of a turnover of a quarter of a million tons in eight months in the port of Malta during the blitz, and there was less pilfering and damage to goods in Malta than in any other port under British control.

What sort of person is the Maltese worker? Well, very much like the industrial worker anywhere, say, on Tyneside. He dresses very much the same; smokes the same cigarettes (if he could afford them); drinks the same beer (if he could get it); sees the same pictures once a week (if again they were available, or if he could afford them, which he can't); lives in the same way (or would like to, if he were paid fair wages, which he isn't); goes to church on Sundays; is good to his wife and kids (he usually has about four or five). He likes football matches; used to like dog-racing, when that was going; reads the papers and listens to the wireless (he can only afford 'rediffusion', and that in the public squares). There is a difference though. His home, when he has one, is definitely better kept than most English workers' homes, because the Maltese women have the French flair for frugal housekeeping, and make a little go a very long way as regards keeping 'Himself' and the children neat, and as regards cooking nicely what little food they can afford to buy. There is another big difference. For the Maltese worker there are *no* Government schemes for assistance for himself or his family. There is *no* insurance, *no* sickness benefit (tuberculosis means immediate discharge from the 'Yard', into a vacuum of poverty), *no* old-age pension, *no* family allowances, *no* compulsory free education for the children.

And the Maltese worker, who speaks and reads English, now realises what he should be getting. Radio, newspapers and the constant flow of Servicemen, keep Malta very well informed of social conditions in other parts of the British Empire. Practically one out of three Maltese workers would like to emigrate. Out of 5,000 names put down for emigration (which is ruled impossible for an indefinite period), three thousand voted to go to the U.S.A. It may be that they are getting not to believe in fair treatment in the Empire!

The general feeling in Malta is that of anti-climax. When Malta was needed, when, in Eisenhower's words, its resistance, the heroic defence put up by the people themselves, as I saw them do it, 'saved the world a year of war', then all the bouquets came this way. Malta doesn't want bouquets. It wants a fair deal. The position is that Malta faces reconstruction with antiquated

The 'faldetta' still worn by Maltese girls

social and political machinery imposed on her by the Colonial Office, on the responsibility of the British Parliament (which means the British people).

The Maltese are full of energy, ready to rebuild and reconstruct and generally get on with the job. But the machinery which was imposed on them under the Macdonald Constitution in 1936 is still there, and the car of state is not merely out-of-date—it has almost stopped in its tracks. The responsibility of one man, that much-to-be pitied person, the Governor of Malta, should be divided, as it was from 1921 to 1933, among a responsible Cabinet of Maltese Ministers. At present the Governor is in the position of a Tudor sovereign, faced with all the problems of post-war Europe. Malta, although small, has enormous difficulties to face. Financially, the Maltese complain that under their own administration the Island was solvent; that on the removal of self-government there was a quarter of a million in the public till, and that ever since, the administration has cost more and more every year, and has achieved less and less. No one in particular is to blame, but the system is unworkable. There have recently been held the first elections for the Council of Government since 1939, when nine out of ten elected members have been returned by the Labour Party. This group is constitutionally unable to be more than an official opposition, and their leader, the indefatigable veteran, Dr. Boffa, has publicly stated recently that they cannot regard themselves as part of H.M. Government under existing conditions.

The stalemate of the situation is tragic. All parties, including the Nationalists and the remnant of the Constitutionals who did not, either of them, participate in the elections, are pressing for self-government. But Malta cannot accept self-government until, and unless, the financial position of the Island is put on a fair footing. There is a vigorous National Assembly of 300 members (of which I have the honour to be one of the first women members), which sat all last year to frame a draft Constitution. At the moment of writing, the thorny point of discussion is the matters which shall continue to be 'Reserved Matters' under the Constitution, that is, what matters shall be reserved to the Crown for legislation.

The position in Malta can be compared with that of a hypothetical 1945 England, in all its post-war agonies, without a Parliament, without a Magna Charta, without a Bill of Rights, without a free press, without . . . but why continue? As I write, men are coming in from the villages to tell me that the 4000 men of the King's Own Malta Regiment are being suddenly disbanded, and that garrison duty is taken over by home-sick, war-sick, English tommies. 'We were good enough for the bombs,' say my friends. 'Are we suddenly not good enough now?'

Do you, who read, realise how much Malta turns to England? Not for a dole, not for charity, but for the right to live in her own house, according to the principles of liberty that Britain is trying to raise everywhere in the Continent of Europe. Is Malta never to be trusted with a latch-key to her own house? Can no blood, tears, or courage buy that? Or one day will there come, even to lips such as mine, no answer in defence of the ideals of liberty that are the glory of the English tongue? Will it happen that we shall say in Malta: 'England doesn't care'?

The other day I was speaking to one of Malta's leading barristers. We were talking about literature. He was quoting to me Brooke, and T. S. Eliot, and he knew them far better than I did. 'I am again reading Hans Andersen,' he said. I asked him why. 'It is sad,' he answered. 'As you say, Andersen does bring the tears to one's eyes; but in these days, seeing things as they are, Andersen is at least an excuse.'

EDUCATION FOR A FREE DEMOCRACY

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WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?

It is a commonplace of modern educational theory that there is a direct functional relationship between the education of a people and its social and political ideals. The subject of this paper is, therefore, not 'Education' (in the abstract), or 'Modern Education', but 'Education for a Free Democracy'. Now democracy, more particularly British democracy, begins with an important assumption—that each of the individuals who constitute the people has a status within the community of the people, and this 'status' implies a relationship between individuals that is above all questions of rights and duties, above all thought of moral contract; it implies a relationship of filiation, of belonging to the community. This assumption of modern democracy, which was not admitted, for example, by Herbert Spencer, is vital, for it assumes that, when the individual acts for the good of the community, he does so, not because he is compelled by force or by the terms of a contract, but because he is impelled by personal ties and allegiances. That totalitarianism is evil is not only a democratic conviction; it is more than that: it is a democratic axiom. Totalitarianism is evil, not because it denies man his rights but because it denies man his status as an individual, which is one of the imponderables discussed by Herbert Read in his essay introducing this series. Hence the Nazi attack on the family is an attempt to remove the last vestige of individual status from the people, an attempt which very largely succeeded, as the recent history of Germany has so tellingly proved. What is sometimes called the 'rehabilitation' of Germany cannot be begun until the status of the individual is guaranteed and respected. The first step in that rehabilitation must be the restoration of *the family*.

Let us begin our discussion by drawing a distinction between the democratic method and the democratic life, a distinction that becomes important when we plan for education in a free democracy. Sir Percy Nunn, in a well-known essay on the Scientific Method in Education, has written: 'The prime contribution of the heroes of science to the world's cultural wealth is not the scientific method but the scientific life. Our business, then, is to teach the realisation of the life and not the mastery of the method.' In the essay from which this extract was taken, Nunn tells us that the cultured man of science is not necessarily the man who has the greatest command of the facts and methods of science, but the man who has, in his own experience, realised the scientific life, the life of honesty and integrity, of devotion and humility. These qualities, and others which may be said to characterise the true man of science, are not the sole prerogatives of the scientist; they are to be found in the cultured man, whatever subject or dominant interest he may profess. We need to be on our guard in these days of educational reconstruction lest we fall into the error of dividing school and university subjects into cultural and non-cultural. Culture is not something that belongs to things of a particular class; it is the infusion of a certain quality or temper into life.

CIVILISATION AND CULTURE

The distinction that has been made between the method of democracy and the democratic life is roughly analogous to that already made by Herbert Read between civilisation and culture. Civilisation is the outward form or structure of an ordered society; culture is the principle and mode of expression of its inner life. Culture is closer to the heart of a people than civilisation, and it is, for that reason, more permanent. As Herbert Read has so well pointed out, civilisation and culture may have many elements in common, but that does not mean that they are of necessity related as cause and effect. It is a common mistake in popular thought to confuse concomitants with causes. Poverty and intellectual dullness are often found together, but that is no ground for the conclusion that the one is the cause of the other.

The purpose of education in its widest sense is to reconcile two dominant concerns of life, the one of physical existence and the other of spiritual development. We do not achieve that purpose

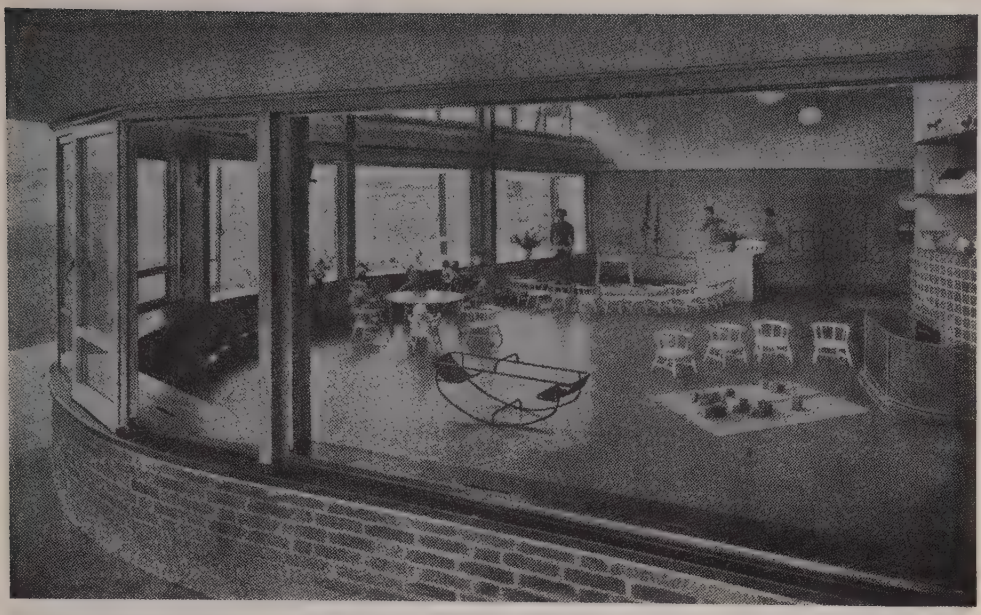
simply by planning the curricula of our schools so that they include some subjects that are held to be practical and utilitarian and others that are held to be æsthetic and cultural, but by infusing into the life and work of the schools elements both of utility and of culture. Indeed, the less we 'plan' the curricula of our schools, the better. This statement may need a word of explanation. Few will deny that in the past the curricula of many of our schools have been largely determined by the requirements of examinations. Such terms are used as 'real' subjects and 'frill' subjects, the 'real' subjects being those upon which the pupil is to be seriously examined; the 'frill' subjects the more æsthetic upon which he is not to be examined. One consequence of this attitude towards the curriculum is a lack of that quality without which there can be no real life, namely, *spontaneity*. Now it is one of the characteristics of life that it is a becoming, an unfolding, a continuous creation. It is of the essence of life that it is not fixed or determined, strictly ordered or predictable; on the contrary, it is spontaneous and free, full of variety, full of glorious uncertainty. The schools of the future will, we hope, be like life; they will be governed by this same principle of 'spontaneity', responsive at all points to the unfolding situation. Their aim will be, not the examination, but the quickening of cultural life; it will be inherent in the whole school process. Our business, then, is not to 'plan' the curriculum but to remove impediments to its spontaneous growth.

Teachers and others, whose vocation it is to guide youth in the struggle for development, often fall into the error of identifying youth's aspiration for a richer life with natural ambition to excel. This leads them to assume that incentives of recognition and reward in the form of certificates and prizes are youth's most natural stimuli to cultural development. This is entirely wrong. We have become so obsessed with the commercial principles of competition and contract, that everything we desire must either be fought for or paid for, that we often fail to see that youth may aspire to be and to do without any thought of emulation or contractual award. We take for granted that spiritual things, like commercial products, can be measured and assessed. It is true, of course, that we often set a price on a thing of artistic merit, but the price that we set, and pay, is not a measure of its beauty but of its rarity. Beauty is a spiritual value and the final test of value in the spiritual realm is not the price that we are prepared to pay for it but the degree to which we are prepared to give of ourselves to possess it. We do youth a grave injustice when we attribute to him no higher incentives than rivalry and reward. Youth is ready, often eager, to receive recognition for his cultural achievements and creations, but he is ready to give as well as to receive. He will generously recognise the achievements and creations of others, if the spirit of rivalry has not been unduly stimulated. Competition of the kind that is encouraged and even fostered in so many of our schools is an obstruction rather than a help to cultural development. It is the main plea of this paper that, as we lay down our educational plans for the future, we shall see that they are not so rigid that the free expression of the creative spirit will be hindered or obstructed.

EDUCATION FOR COMMUNITY

We now come to the question of social living and to the problem of preparing youth for the part he has to play in the life of the community, whether it be the smaller community of the home or the larger one of the State. Of the importance of this problem there can be no question. This is shown by the fact that never before have the social aspects of education been so fully, and so seriously, discussed as they are being discussed today. We are slowly beginning to realise that it is perhaps the most important educational question of all. Confucius came to that conclusion centuries ago, when he wrote: 'Education is the art of adjusting persons to persons, not the art of adjusting persons to things'. But persons do not become adjusted to persons by the simple process of 'getting together'. Getting together, with no real purpose in mind, is mere gregariousness. Aristotle had something more than that in mind when he maintained that man is 'naturally social'.

What do we mean when we say that man is naturally social? We mean that the social that we see in man is something given in the nature of things, an aspect of his being, not something added to his individualism. This may seem to be almost a truism but, if it is true, it means that society itself is a fact of nature and is a product neither of man's ingenuity nor of his moral effort. Intelligence and moral effort are certainly required to maintain society in a healthy state, but only because there are forces in human life which threaten or endanger it. Every vital structure requires effort for its maintenance, but it cannot be completely explained in terms of effort alone. A simple illustration may be taken from the realm of mental health. It is now generally recognised that the seat of mental health, like that of physical health, is within the personality, not outside it. When dealing with a case of mental ill-health, the analyst endeavours,



'Freedom in Education.' Plenty of space and plenty of toys for the little children at Whitwood Mere, Castleford, Yorkshire (Oliver Hill, Architect)

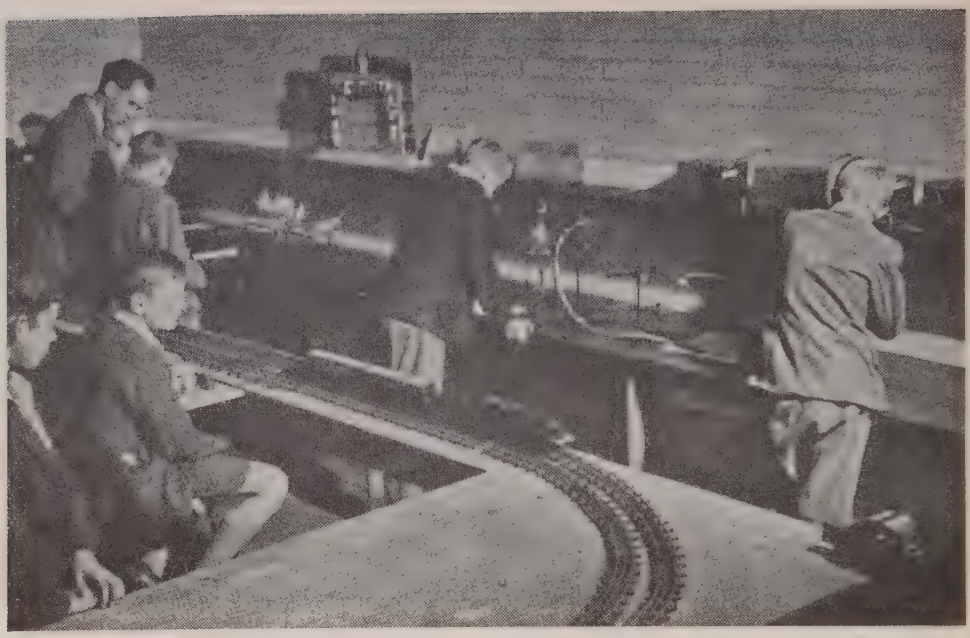
by delving deep into the disordered mind, to free the patient from the conflicts and repressions which have stood in the way of the more harmonious functioning of his instinctive drives, or as Glover says in his article in this series, 'to remove the grit from the works'.

Let us now return to the subject of the human society. As we have seen, effort, both intellectual and moral, is required for its maintenance and further development, but such effort would have no efficacy at all if a sense of community were not already there. Society may be built but it cannot, in any real sense, be created. Its creation dates from the beginning of things, from the coming into existence of the first family. A social plan which ignores this basic fact, or sets it at nought, is doomed to failure. We need not go far to illustrate that truth as mentioned above. When Hitler violated the integrity of the family, he sowed the seed of his own and Germany's destruction. The chaos that is Germany today is not so much the destruction of her cities, or the breakdown of her economic and political machinery, but the disruption of her family life. No society can experience that and continue to exist.

Every negative implies a positive. Therefore, when we ask for the removal of obstructions that society may realise herself, we are, in effect, asking for social freedom. Freedom is not an absolute value, like beauty, truth and goodness; it is a principle of living, and as such, it must take account of the whole circumstance of life at every moment. There are times when freedom is not a good but a bad thing. It is important to remember this in our management of children. It is well known, for example, that children sometimes become almost terrified by their own aggressive and destructive impulses and they look to their elders to help them keep those impulses under control. Freedom and control are both necessary in the development of personality. In fact, they are necessary to every development of the human spirit, in art, music, literature, and science.

FREEDOM IN EDUCATION

If we wish to be free to think, to speak, and to worship in our own way, we must be ready to concede that freedom to others. It is expected of us that we make this concession to the freedom of others, if not with perfect grace, at least with as little show of hot emotion as possible. That is self-discipline. One of the best-disciplined schools I ever visited was a night school south of the Thames, to which lads went for 'further education' after work. Much of the education given in the school was acquired through discussion and debate. The head of the school, who was unique in his way, insisted on a few rules: 'In this discussion a man (they were about fifteen years old in this case) may say what he likes, but I want to remind you of two things. An argument is none the better because it is hotly expressed, and very



The laboratory, Impington Village College. A school by day, in the evening it becomes a community centre for adults

much the worse if it hurts another person. Remember that every moment you are here and never forget it when you are away.' It was hardly to be wondered at that the standard of debate in the school was so very high. Those boys were learning, through practical experience, that a free society is one in which the individuals who compose it not only exercise their own freedom, but also recognise the rights of others to the same freedom. In accepting the simple rules of debate laid down by the teacher they knew that they were, in a sense, restricting themselves, but they also knew that they were removing obstructions to the free expression of their own ideas.

This dualistic conception of freedom carries with it an important psychological implication which some psychologists are disinclined to admit. It may be expressed in the words of Ian Suttie, that, for the full development of the individual, 'the will to give is as fundamental as the will to get'.

The bearing of the above discussion on education in the future will be evident, but some further illustrations may help to make the implications clear. Let us begin with a brief résumé of the main contentions. They are: that in a democracy the democratic life is more fundamental than either the system or the method; that freedom and discipline are essential characteristics of the democratic life and they imply each other; that community is not something added to individuality by man's effort—both are aspects of one reality; that the will to give is fundamental in human nature, as is the will to receive; that a nation's culture is more important than its command of the amenities of life; that, while a nation's culture is expressed more particularly in its music, art and literature, it is also exemplified in its science and even in its practical pursuits; that, for the development of a nation's culture, spontaneity is needed and this springs from the individual's need for creative self-expression and spiritual self-fulfilment; that the impulse towards cultural development is stimulated more surely when we proceed by the removal of obstructions to development than by direct educational planning; that our educational progress will be more certain if we learn to think in terms of spontaneous development from within rather than in terms of the imposition of closely considered plans from without.

SOME EXAMPLES

The first illustration is taken from a village school in an agricultural area. The class consisted of some twenty six-year-old boys and girls under the charge of an energetic young woman who had been given freedom to arrange her work in her own way. The classroom, fortunately for

Children love making models—two students at a school at Epsom, Surrey, working on a course of district planning

her, opened upon a wide verandah and beyond that were, first, a small playground, and then a garden. Chairs, tables and a cupboard were the only articles of furniture, but in odd places in the room the teacher had left materials of all sorts lying about: wood, metal, bricks, stones, scraps of cloth, paper, cardboard and string. The room was a children's paradise, nothing ordered or formal, but everything ready to capture the imagination of the constructive builder. For some time each child was allowed to make use of anything in the room which appealed to him, but after a time the teacher suggested that they might do something all together. One boy suggested that they build a model house. This suggestion was accepted and led to a discussion of sizes and materials. Rough sketches were drawn on blackboards spread on the tables, and finally, at a suggestion from one boy, it was decided to build the model a quarter of the size of a real house. So the first 'lesson' in arithmetic —a little unorthodox perhaps—was 'fractions' (halve and halve again). The building was to be made of brick. These became miniature bricks of hardened clay shaped by the children themselves. The doors and window frames were cut by the boys, while the girls prepared the curtains and the carpets which were to beautify the interior. The furniture was made from cardboard or modelled in clay. The walls, inside and out, were coloured with poster colours, care being taken to match the colours with the curtains. Around the house there was, of course, a garden, with a lawn of coloured paper and flowers of every hue. When the children were not engaged on their house, the teacher interested them in the life and work of the family, in cooking, sewing, gardening, hobbies, reading, music, painting, buying and selling, and in personal hygiene and good-neighbourliness. This led to activities of many kinds, all centred in the model house, but carried out as separate tasks or projects.

It is unnecessary to labour the general principles which lay behind this plan. It was, to begin with, a social plan, but each child, although contributing to the whole and co-operating with others, had his individual tasks to do. It was carried out in an atmosphere of freedom, but order was obtained through the interest aroused. Formal teaching was not introduced until the children showed a desire for it; each part of the project seemed to evolve spontaneously from the situation as it was each day. When the teacher was asked what 'method' she had followed, she replied: 'I just leave things lying about and wait for something to happen. Then I use my imagination, or, rather, I try to keep pace with theirs.' Lest it should be thought that this teacher was exceptional, I have no hesitation

in stating that there are many teachers who could do the same, if only they had the freedom. This example has been cited as an illustration not so much of the method as of the spirit of modern progressive education. As this young teacher so accurately divined, the problem of education is largely the problem of knowing what to leave lying about, that the natural interests of children may have material for spontaneous self-expression.

My next illustration is also taken from life, but it is a composite of a number of Secondary Schools which have succeeded in exemplifying one or more of the principles laid down in this discussion. It is a possible answer to a question that has often been put to me since the Education Bill of 1944 became law: 'If you had your way, what would the new Secondary Schools look like?' My usual answer to this question is to describe a school I once visited—no matter where.

THE IDEAL SCHOOL

When I approached the school for the first time I thought it was a hospital. The school plant consisted of a number of buildings symmetrically and attractively grouped round a central block to which they were connected in true hospital style by covered ways. The buildings were well designed in the modern style, strongly but not heavily built, and tastefully decorated. The windows were unusually large and were evidently intended to admit both air and light. The whole place gave the impression of spaciousness and freedom although there was no suggestion of extravagance anywhere. Naturally I made my way to the central block, where I was greeted by the Director who offered to conduct me round. I found that the central block consisted mainly of an auditorium and a library, the latter being well appointed and well stocked. The other buildings, comprising the classrooms, radiated from the central block in three directions, north, south and east, with gardens and small playgrounds between. The larger playgrounds and the swimming-pool were farther behind.

The classrooms or 'subject rooms', as I discovered them to be, had several features which interested me. To begin with, they were unusually large. They looked more like workshops and laboratories than conventional classrooms, for there were no desks to be seen anywhere. Chairs and tables took their place. In each room there was a small glassed-in bookcase containing standard text-books and reference books. Some of these, I discovered, were duplicates of books on the shelves of the main library. I also noticed that in each room there were several display cases, and on the walls portraits of great men with short biographical notes attached. But to me the most unusual feature of these workshop classrooms was a glass partition at the end. This, I was told, cut off a small room known to the pupils as the teacher's 'cubby-hole'. It appeared that great emphasis was placed on individual work and that, when the class were engaged on their individual tasks and assignments, the teacher retired into his glass-partitioned consulting-room and dealt with the difficulties of individual pupils as they arose. At the same time he was able to keep a watch on the class as a whole, although this did not seem to me to be at all necessary.

I have already stated that the classrooms ran in three directions from the central block. Actually they radiated from the library which was regarded by all concerned as the central feature of the school, which is as it should be. I found that one of these rays was the 'Arts and Science Wing', another the 'Technical Wing', and the third the 'Fine Arts Wing'. Each wing had its own common rooms for scholars as well as for teachers, and its own sanitary conveniences. The dining-room and kitchen were farther in the rear. The dining-room served a dual purpose for, when it was not being used for meals, it could be divided into three workrooms by movable partitions. All student committee meetings were held there.

My first inquiry was about the administration of the school. The chief administrative officer was the Director, who had his office in the central block. He had as personal assistants a deputy and a qualified child psychologist, whose main job was to give advice on difficult cases and to carry out tests of general mental ability. The records of progress were kept in the central building and were in charge of a very competent secretary who, among other things, professed a knowledge of statistics. It was his business to see that the returns from the teachers were uniform in style and method of assessment. The three wings of the school were under the direction of departmental heads, who were responsible for the organisation in their respective wings and, of course, for the good order and discipline of the students in their sections. They kept in close touch with the Principal but in their own domain were virtually headmasters. The subjects of the curriculum were in charge of subject specialists who were responsible for syllabuses and examinations. Examinations, I was told, did not loom large in this school. Progress was assessed largely through

Nursery school at Northwich, Cheshire. Ample sunlight and fresh air; lightweight construction allows easy extension to meet changing needs. (J. L. Martin and Sadie Speight, Architects)

the Course Work done through the year. The students had their own councils and committees and their self-elected prefects and captains. I was told that the school was not divided into 'houses', as the staff felt that the rivalry which the house-system engendered was unnecessary. I also found that the staff held what I consider to be a new view of leadership. The students were given freedom to elect their own leaders, with the restriction that the offices had to go round. I have never been in a school where there were so many opportunities for leadership as in this school. As the Principal of the school stated in our discussion: 'The school does not exist to produce leaders, but it regards it as one of its duties to provide as many, and as varied, occasions for leadership as possible. I am convinced that the quality of leadership is much more widespread than is generally supposed. A potential leader sometimes escapes notice simply because, in addition to being a good leader, he is also a good follower. The most obtrusive personality in the community is not always the best leader. The war has proved that very conclusively.' For some of the offices there was an 'electoral roll' provided by the staff on the basis of age, character and general progress in the school. To have one's name on the roll was taken as a recognition of personal maturity. As the Principal remarked, when he looked through the list of names: 'Our ideal is to have the name of every boy on the roll before he leaves school'.

Naturally I made inquiries about the curriculum, but it seemed that the curriculum did not, in itself, constitute a problem, since in some form or other the school provided for practically every need. What was found to be a problem was the guidance of the individual in his selection of a suitable course. For this purpose each pupil was placed under the guidance of a tutor who advised the student in his choice and kept a watchful eye on his progress. It was the duty of the pupil to consult the tutor at fairly regular intervals. The tutor had to ensure that the pupil did not make too narrow a selection of subjects. If, for example, he was of the more academic type, he was asked to balance his academic subjects by one or more subject from the arts or crafts. If, on the other hand, his abilities and interests were mainly practical, the balance was found on the academic side. On entering the school each pupil was assigned to one of the branches of the school's activity in accordance with his aptitudes and abilities as they were known at the time of entry, but every care was taken, especially during the first few months, to check the earlier estimates by keeping strict note of the pupil's progress. The methods of instruction followed in the school permitted easy transference from one subject to another and from one branch of school work to another. Careful note was taken of the pupil's *dominant interests*, for it had been found that these were quite reliable indicators of his ability. To this end teachers were asked to note what the pupils did in their 'free periods', when they were at liberty to go wherever they pleased so long as they were engaged in some useful activity.

At this point in my inquiry I asked about certificates and other paper qualifications. I was informed that some of the pupils entered for external examinations, but the objective for the large majority of the pupils was the school's School Leaving Certificate. This certificate was, as the name indicates, a school-leaving certificate given to all who had gone through the secondary school course to the satisfaction of the staff. It

stated this fact in a few words and gave a list of the subjects in which the pupil had 'qualified' on the 'ordinary' levels and the 'advanced' levels. There was no suggestion that the pupil had 'passed' in an examination known as the 'School Leaving Examination'. Naturally the range of subjects that could be so endorsed was extremely wide, but no subject was assumed to be of greater value than another. This seems to me to carry an important social implication, for it meant that a boy who had qualified in practical subjects was not considered to be in any way inferior to one who had confined his attention to the more academic. At all events he was the proud possessor of the same certificate.

The methods of instruction varied with the topic under treatment. As I have already indicated, great emphasis was placed upon individual work, and for two very good reasons. In the first place individual work, systematically fostered as it was in this school, enabled the pupil to proceed at his own pace in his task of mastering the fundamentals of his subject. It also placed the responsibility for progress on the pupil rather than upon the teacher. The spirit of competition was not entirely absent but in this case the pupil was in competition, not with others, but with himself, with his own previous best. And it seemed to me that the boys were excellent judges of their own progress. As one boy said: 'I think that's rather better, don't you, sir?' In the second place individual work gave abundant opportunity for the exercise of that creative spirit which is never entirely absent even from the more modestly endowed. I saw some quite extraordinary work in the academic section. One boy was working on a schoolboy's Geography of Australia, another on a treatise on Mathematical Curves useful to the Woodworker, another on a History of the Local Church and another on an essay on Radio Location. These and many other individual 'projects' interested me greatly but I took off my hat—figuratively speaking—when I saw the work that had been done by quite ordinary boys in the technical workshops, in carpentry, metal-work, radio-engineering and the rest. I can respect boys who can do the things that I have tried to do better than I can—and I have tried. The art rooms, again, interested me and aroused my admiration for much the same reason. I was fortunate in my visit to the Fine Arts Wing, for a crowd of boys were on their way to the Auditorium to rehearse a symphony of their own composition. It was amazingly good. Later, when the score was published, they sent me a copy. It will be evident from this last example that other methods than the individual were fostered and encouraged in this school. Indeed, judging by the number of classes engaged in *group work*, the staff seemed to be as keen on social as on individual training. What struck me most was the variety of the methods followed. In one class, in elementary mathematics, the boys were divided into groups of three, with a 'captain' in charge of each. I was told that the honour of being captain of the group went round. The groups remained the same but the captain was changed with each new project. In this case the problem was an interesting one in 'boy-scout geometry'. I was interested in this procedure. The master explained the problem and left the groups to work it out. This they did, not on paper, but on square-ruled blackboards on the tables. In another class the subject was 'Modern History' It seemed to me, as I went from one group to another, and inspected the sketches on the blackboards, that the whole history of the war had been faithfully depicted. I was unable to follow the lesson to the end of the period but I was told that in succeeding lessons the captain, or some other member of the group, would give a short lecturette on the events assigned to the group for investigation. One classroom I found empty. The boys were in the playground surveying the school ground with mathematical instruments of their own design and construction. Each boy had a set. In this case the boys were divided into four groups of eight and the captains had no inconsiderable task in organising the work, but they did it well. One captain, actually the smallest boy in the group, amused me greatly. I noticed that, whereas other captains did a considerable amount of work themselves, this boy managed to get the others to do it. When I remarked upon this, he replied: 'It is the captain's business to get work done, not to do it himself'. An hour or so later the boys returned to the classroom and presented their results. Then followed a very useful discussion on the averages of the distances and angles obtained from the four groups. I was told that a few days previously another class had measured the height of a neighbouring church spire and that the average of all the results was only one foot from the town surveyor's measurement. These examples have been taken from the Arts and Science Wing, but similar projects were carried out in the other Wings.

It must not be thought that class-teaching along more conventional lines was entirely neglected, but, as a matter of fact, I did not see very much of it. However, I was present during a French lesson, on the Direct Method, and a very lively lesson it was. I was also present at a poetry lesson, when the master succeeded, in a most subtle way,

in getting the class of not highly intelligent boys to enjoy one of Masefield's poems. His attitude seemed to be: 'Come and let us enjoy this together'. And I think they did. Perhaps the most interesting lesson, if I may judge from the attention of the boys, was that given by the teacher of carpentry on the History of Tools, in this case, the History of the Plane. That lesson was to me a bit of real culture.

This account of the methods followed in the school would not be complete without some reference to the discussion lessons. Unfortunately I was present at only two such lessons, one on current affairs and the other on social evils. The speakers were well informed and they spoke with the seriousness of men. I thought the standard of speech extremely high but these were senior forms and I was told that they had been well trained in the discussion method from their first year at the school. The Principal had very decided views about good speech: 'Good English speech and good manners will carry a boy anywhere'. In the discussions at which I was present the boys displayed both.

So much for the life and work of the school. But I found that all was not over with the ringing of the bell. When the final bell rang, most of the boys made their way to the playground, but in every workshop, every laboratory, every art room, there were boys working overtime, some singly, some in groups on work in which they were obviously absorbed. I went on the roof to look down on the whirling playgrounds at the rear of the school, and there I came upon a boy cleaning and putting in order a four-inch astronomical telescope. It was strange that he should have used the words of the young teacher I have cited: 'I found it lying about, so I thought I would do something with it'.

ZEST IN EDUCATION

When I returned to my home I tried to sort out my main impressions of this kaleidoscopic picture of school life. It has always been my practice, after visiting a school, to attempt to extract from the concrete expression of the school's life, some suggestion of its underlying philosophy of education. The dominant impression left upon my mind by all that I had seen and, indeed, felt in this school was that of 'well-being'. The school was a healthy place. I do not mean that it was well situated and well planned but that the currents of its intellectual and emotional life were canalised in definitely healthy channels. Everywhere I went I found a healthy zest for life. This was revealed in the open and eager faces of the boys and in their intellectual and social poise. As I thought about the actual work in the school, three words seemed to be constantly recurring in my mind: *purpose*, *significance* and *spontaneity*. There was no doubt that the activity I had seen was wholehearted and purposeful. The boys knew what they were doing and why they were doing it. There was a sureness of direction which was noticeable everywhere, as if the boys had caught the secret of progress and were following the lead that had been given them. To use a psychological expression, there was a 'purposive integrity' in the life of the school, a sustained and purposive set in the direction of significant action. There was no doubt that the life of the school had significance; it had real meaning and value to pupil and teacher alike. I saw very little evidence of the all too familiar examination objective, although it would hardly be natural if it were not there. But it seemed to me that the work had greater significance than that; it had a richness that I have not seen in the same degree elsewhere. Significant work carries its own peculiar stamp; it is compelling and absorbing work; it has few, if any, meaningless blanks and few, if any, waste spaces. I saw little evidence of waste in that school, for the simple reason that the emphasis was upon significant things, the things that are never lost because they are the things upon which all real development is based: efficient methods of work, healthy ideals and social attitudes, and a rational faith in others as well as in oneself.

Finally, it seemed to me that the boys were learning something of vital importance about life; that it is not fixed or determined, strictly ordered or predictable, as it is sometimes imagined to be; they were learning that life holds within it the germ of spontaneous growth. This was shown in their project work. No one knew exactly how it would turn out, for it had no answer in the answer-book; it evolved and unfolded itself as it developed. One of the staff remarked that the problem upon which his class were working was *like* a piece of research but it was more than that—it *was* a piece of research, a research that was quite as thrilling and absorbing to the boys as a more pretentious piece of research would be to us. John Dewey, the great American philosopher and educationist, used to maintain that education should at all points represent a 'life-situation'. Education can be true to life, in other words, can represent a 'life-situation', not by being strictly utilitarian and vocational but by exemplifying at all points the true characteristics of life—purpose, significance and spontaneity.

NORTH-EAST TURKEY NOW CLAIMED BY SOVIETS

BACKGROUND TO DISPUTE

E. W. F. TOMLIN

UNLESS he is on a special mission, the visitor to Turkey rarely has an opportunity to explore the remote corners of that vast country. Particularly is this the case with the Eastern provinces, where travel is rendered difficult not merely on account of bad communications but because of restrictions imposed upon the movements of foreigners. At the present time, the area east of a line running from Trebizond in the north to Malatya in the south forms a military zone to which access is forbidden by the Turkish Government, though applications by foreigners to visit it sometimes meet with favourable consideration. Owing to the kindness of the governors and police officials concerned, I was able not long ago to enter this prohibited zone, parts of which are very much 'in the news' today owing to Russia's 'claims' upon them.

What exactly does the Soviet Union want? The 'Republic of Georgia' in particular has advanced claims to an area which includes both Giresun on the Black Sea coast and the important inland rail-centre of Erzurum. In conformity with what we have been led to expect from Soviet technique, such claims exceed by some thousands of square miles those originally put forward for Kars, Ardahan, and Artvin—towns ceded to Turkey by the Treaty of Kars in 1921. The loss of this extensive area, one of the richest in Turkey, would not merely cause irreparable damage to Turkish prestige but imperil the future unity of Anatolia. Coupled with a Russian demand to control the Dardanelles, it would mean the reduction of Turkey to the position of a vassal state of the Soviet Union. And that is a prospect to which neither Britain nor America ought to look forward with equanimity. It is not merely a case of preserving our life-line to India. It is a case of preserving the whole set-up in the Middle East.

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Journeying up the Black Sea coast towards the Russian frontier, we experienced an initial sensation of leaving civilisation behind: Istanbul, Zonguldak, Samsun, Giresun, Trebizond—these are well-known and populous towns. After Trebizond, however, our first impression was that of luxuriant nature deprived of all signs of human life. The coastal range became higher and higher until the mountains appeared to rise from the sea itself. Looking closer, this impression of solitude proved mistaken. Spaced at intervals among the trees and almost obscured by foliage, charming red-roofed houses and villas could be seen. They were substantial dwellings, very different in design from the peasant shacks in other parts of the country. Thus, a coast that appears deserted turns out to be a great deal more thickly populated than that of the Mediterranean. The notion that civilisation and cultivation 'peter out' as one approaches Russia is quite wrong. This part of Turkey, once called Lazistan, is not merely fertile and opulent but crowded with historical associations—Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Armenian. From 1204 to 1462, Trebizond itself formed an autonomous empire. And the history of this region links it to the West in a manner not easily appreciable in its present isolation.

Of the large towns of the north-east coast, Giresun and Rize are perhaps the most attractive, but Trebizond is the largest and, in view of its situation, the most important. Giresun, which consists of an array of white houses distributed in terraces over the hillside, is famous for its hazel-nuts, in which it has done a brisk export trade for many years. In this town, the foreigner was, until recently, usually assumed to be German, as Germans have negotiated the purchase of the nut-crop for many years; and, as elsewhere, they generally managed to combine business with—business. Hence the vigilance of the Turkish secret police. Surrounded by verdant hills and enjoying a humid climate, Rize (roughly half-way between Trebizond and the frontier) is one of the few places in Turkey to experiment in tea-planting; and the industry is making headway at the present time. The director of the experimental plantation, who showed us round with justifiable pride, was formerly assisted by British experts. In contrast to the gay atmosphere of Giresun and (further west) Samsun, Trebizond or Trabzon is a sombre if solid town, with inhabitants accustomed to eye the visitor with a certain amount of suspicion. Outside the old city, with its cobbled streets and

Soviets first claimed Kars, Ardahan and Artvin. New demand is for Giresun and Erzurum. This will ruin Turkey

huge bastions, an enterprising governor has built an enormous secondary school, the biggest I have seen anywhere, and an equally capacious hospital, as yet incomplete. From Trebizond through Erzurum stretches the new transit road to the south, which, supervised by a Swiss engineer, at last provides that link with Iran of which Turkey has stood in need since Russia's closure of the Caucasus route in 1883. Ironically enough, now that this highroad is more or less completed, Russia has assumed control of the very region of Iran to which it was intended to open up the way.

After Rize, the next and last port in Turkey is Hopa, though Hopa can scarcely be called a port as it lacks an adequate harbour. The motor-boat which conveys the passengers ashore runs alongside a precarious structure of planks, and from this we scrambled up the steep shingle beach. As to the town itself, two streets of bazaar-shops and a few municipal buildings form the nucleus, while the houses are scattered over a much larger area. Turning eastwards, we found ourselves walking along a road which soon narrowed into a rural lane. On our left, the huge keel of a boat had been laid, and workmen were profiting from the cool of the day to saw up planks. On our right ran a sluggish river, the banks of which echoed with the noise of innumerable frogs, making a sound exactly resembling that put into their mouths by Aristophanes—I never heard it so accurately done. But the path along which we were walking was interesting in yet another respect. Not more than twenty-five kilometres distant lay the town of Batum, which, in addition to being visible from the surrounding hills, had frequently been audible too, owing to regular bombardments by German aircraft. On a clear day, I was told, the Caucasus mountains can be seen quite distinctly from both sea and land. Although the time of my visit was by no means ideal for visibility, I could see clearly the lighthouse standing on the promontory immediately before the frontier; and I think I managed to make out a faint, wavy line too high to be mistaken for the horizon and too angular to be confused with cloud. If my eyes did not deceive me, this was the Caucasus.

Retracing our steps (for I did not want to give the impression that I was walking into Russia), we passed on the left a building which stood out from the rest by reason of its newness. Through an open window on the ground floor, I noticed a large safe and filing-cabinet of the most modern design, together with one of the enormous glass-covered desks so often found in Turkish offices. This was the local office of the large copper-mine concern at Murgul, not far inland. It happened that the director was just on the point of leaving by car for the hills, but fortunately we had time for a brief conversation. Having spent several years in America, he spoke very good idiomatic English, and it was strange to meet such a sophisticated person in these surroundings. From him I learned that the whole district, in spite of its apparent placidity, could on occasion be a prey to such violent storms of wind and snow that many villages in the interior, and often Hopa itself, were completely cut off for weeks at a time, bringing the inhabitants to within an ace of starvation. On account of this, it was advisable each winter to lay in a stock of food, and to reckon with the prospect of being marooned in one's house for long periods, there being danger even in venturing outside, so

Trebizond, the capital of an empire which lasted from 1204 to 1462

deep and treacherous were the snow-drifts. His own house stood high up in the mountains amid scenery as fine as that of Switzerland.

Such are the coastal towns. With the exception of Erzurum, situated in a region nicknamed the 'Siberia of Turkey', the inhabited areas inland, such as Artvin and Ardahan, are situated on rugged eminences and, like Murgul, remain isolated for several weeks every year. The area around Kars, which contains a population of about fifty thousand, reveals much superficial resemblance to nearby Russia—including some onion-shaped churches. The population is mixed, though the proportion of Armenians and Greek orthodox is now extremely small, and the Turks are firmly entrenched. Such areas, even if over-run, would be very difficult to hold down.

Formerly, the Vilayet of Trebizond comprised four Sanjaks, three of which—Samsun, Gumushane and Rize—have now become separate provinces. In 1890, the total population of these districts amounted to 1,047,700 inhabitants; today, according to the official statistics of 1940, it is 1,040,694. But whereas in 1890 the number of non-Moslems was 241,000, today there are only 318,421 non-Moslems in the whole of Turkey: a striking demonstration of the extent to which the Christians and Jews, once powerful in this area, have decreased in numbers. The results of successive Armenian persecutions during the last fifty years may be judged from the fact that while there are only 11,229 Armenians in the whole of Turkey today, the Armenian population of the Vilayet of Trebizond alone amounted in 1890 to 47,400. From this circumstance, the Soviet Armenian Republic is naturally making great propaganda; but, without condoning Turkey's past policy towards her non-Moslem minorities, we cannot ignore the fact that the Moslem element in this region has always been predominant, and that the loyalty of the people is to Turkey and not to any foreign power, whether disguised as protector or as liberator.

It is true that the Laz inhabitants of north-east Turkey are markedly independent in spirit; they may well be the product of a mixture of Turkish and Georgian blood. The Laz women have acquired a reputation for great physical courage, and this characteristic was formerly thought to prove their descent from the Amazons who, according to tradition, inhabited the banks of the Thermidon river, now called the Tchermé-Tchai. The vigorous Laz dance called the *Horun* is popular all over the country. Soldiers returning home on leave may often be seen performing it on the crowded decks of coastal steamers. Shuffling their feet with great rapidity and linking hands by means of handkerchiefs, the performers duck and twist their bodies in response to a complicated tune often played on a one-string

The historic fortress of Kars, in Turkish Armenia

violin, meanwhile edging round in a circle or advancing slowly in a line. Fascinated and enthusiastic, the audience both claps its hands and shouts words of encouragement, whereupon the footwork becomes more lively than ever. A good dancer of the *Horun* is always much in demand at late Turkish parties, when a good deal of vodka and raki has been drunk.

* * *

The claims recently advanced by the Soviet Caucasian Republics are reported to have been applauded by groups of Armenians in both Syria and Egypt. The Turkish Government, backed by the overwhelming majority of the people, has dismissed these claims as wholly unwarranted; and there is not the least doubt that such external agitations, like those staged in the lobbies of the San Francisco Conference, are being deliberately encouraged by Soviet officials in the Middle East. There is equally no doubt that the Turks, in spite of their dread of Russian power and comparative lack of armaments, will resist any attempt to settle the dispute by force. We can safely discount any possibility of the emergence in Turkey of a separatist movement similar to that which has grown up in Iran. For one thing, the Red Army was already in occupation of the Azerbaijan district, and much else besides; and whatever the effects of a forcible Red Army occupation of Kars and Ardahan, we can be certain that no Turk will be found co-operating with the invaders. Reports of the formation in Ankara of a new Democratic Party under the leadership of Celal Bayer must on no account lead anybody to suppose that there is a 'split' in Turkish opinion, or that the present Turkish régime is in danger of collapse. Celal Bayer's new party, if it amounts to that, represents nothing more than an attempt to revive Kemal Ataturk's experiment of forming an 'opposition' on the Western democratic model. As we know, Ataturk's experiment failed. If that of Celal Bayer succeeds, it will have demonstrated not the weakness of the Turkish Republic but its increased strength.

On the Russian issue, however, the two parties —the People's Party and the Democratic Party— are absolutely of one mind. Both Celal Bayer and Shukru Sarajoglu have voiced Turkey's resolve to resist aggression whatever the cost. This is no rhetorical flourish of the kind to which the modern world has become accustomed. These men mean what they say. In one of his great speeches to Turkish youth, Kemal Ataturk spoke of defending the fatherland even if it should be occupied from end to end by an invader. Every Turkish child knows that speech by heart. The Turks are prepared for great struggles and great sacrifices, for they realise that they can trust no one but themselves.

TRAGEDY IN SWEDEN!

Alexander Nevsky Cathedral (Tallinn), a symbol of Russia which has long brooded over unhappy Estonia

On a bleak November evening in 1945, when icy blasts, coming from Lapland, whined southward over their peaceful countryside, the people of Sweden became aware of a dismal tragedy. In a prison camp at Rännestätt a small group of Baltic soldiers, from 16 to 67 years of age, were to be handed over to the Russians. It appears that the Swedish Government had, as early as June, in secret consented to return to their respective countries all such military refugees as might reach Swedish soil after the surrender of Germany. Hardly had the news of the intended step become public when schools, cultural and charitable societies of all conceivable kinds, as well as private persons of the most varying social standing, protested against the deportation of the Baltic refugees. The students at the ancient University of Upsala demonstrated in the streets and King Gustav of Sweden appealed to Marshal Stalin to permit the refugees to stay in Sweden, but received a negative answer. The Estonians, Latvians and Lithuanians themselves declared their intention not to surrender themselves alive into Russian hands. A Latvian lieutenant committed suicide, and the rest went on hunger-strike. After a week of fasting they were so weak that they had to be removed to a hospital, and the deportation had to be postponed.

Bewildered foreign newspaper correspondents, for the most part but little versed in the history and geography of Eastern Europe, wondered whether this storm that shook the 'whole state of Sweden' was a genuine outburst of human emotion, or the result of carefully planned anti-Russian propaganda, as Radio Moscow and its sounding boards in the Swedish Communist Party ingeniously found. The answer to this question, which should be of some interest to English people and is of the utmost importance to millions of Estonians, Latvians and Lithuanians, must be sought on the eastern shores of the Baltic.

Being an Estonian myself, I should like to give a short account of the part played by my country in the present tragedy of the Baltic peoples.

Estonia is a queer country. Though larger than Belgium, its population is but slightly over a million. Despite its small area, the country is surprisingly varying. The visiting foreigner would get the best idea of it if he were to spend a week in summer on its northern shore. Here the coast falls steeply, in an inhospitable mass of granite, into the Finnish Gulf. Not only does the coast itself seem to be hewn from rugged stone, but still far out to sea rocks of all imaginable shapes and sizes rise grey and weather-beaten from the ever-restless waves of the Baltic.

On a quiet day the whole scene is one of deepest calm. The gnarled pines on the shore, the coast, and even the gulls that gather to gossip and preen their feathers on the sun-baked rocks, seem to be an integral and unchangeable part of Nature itself. And then, as if from nowhere, dark clouds may amass in the sky, winds rush over the Gulf, and the sea takes on a hue of ominous green which, as the clouds spread, changes into a threatening white-foamed brown. The gulls circle, wildly screaming in the air, as with a flash of lightning the storm is on. The peaceful land of some short hours ago vanishes, as grey sheets of sweeping rain whip Time and Nature into unnatural madness. This raging fury seems to have for ever replaced all that is calm and normal. But the next day it has passed, and only the peculiar pungent smell of seaweed after rain, and the steaming earth, remind one of the storm of yesterday. And that rocky shore still stands, as it has stood for

centuries. There is something symbolic about it, for, like the northern shore of their country, the people of Estonia have, through the ages, withstood many an iron tempest of history. Not only the people living in the scattered fishermen's huts on the shore, but even those further inland, for whom the sound of waves breaking on the rocks is muffled by the endless pine woods murmuring between them and the shore. East and west, south and north, have often met in combat in the peaceful woods and on the fields of this country. Polish and Danish, Swedish, German and Russian armies have time and again drenched the country in blood. In those dreadful past times, when war, plague and famine kept the country in their iron grip, when villages and towns went up in flame, people sought refuge in swamps and forests, and there something began unconsciously to move in their thoughts. That something was pounded into shape by the tramp of invading armies and, as Western ideas slowly penetrated the bloody mists of war and foreign domination, crystallised into final form.

It was the idea of democracy—not perhaps in its purely dictionary sense of 'rule of the majority' but in the sense the average man in England understands it: as the inalienable right of man under whatever sky he be born, whether in ancient Egypt or under the stars of modern Patagonia, to the Four Freedoms, and especially his right to that which makes the difference between human life and hell—the Freedom From Fear. When World War Number One ended, Estonia rose from its havoc, thanks largely to British military and diplomatic aid, as a free, democratic republic. In the years that followed, her people became more convinced than ever of the inestimable value of democracy in the one and only true sense of the word. When, therefore, breaking every rule of international law, the Red Army annexed the country in 1940, it is not to be wondered at that the people spontaneously resisted the invader—exactly as every other nation, except a nation of slaves, would have done. Thousands upon thousands of Estonian people were deported to the wilds of Siberia; others were killed in their own land.

In 1941 the German armies in their turn overran the country. At first some sections of the population welcomed the new masters, hoping, not perhaps for liberation, but at least for a mitigation of their sufferings. These hopes proved illusory and, as countless documents will testify, the masses of the people resisted the Germans exactly as they previously resisted the Russians.

Parliament House, Tallinn—symbol of Estonian democracy, now again crushed by Russia

It is of interest that no former officer, as in Norway, or former Premier, as in France, offered to play the part of traitor to his country.

Exactly as in other occupied countries, the Germans mobilised the Estonian men. Thousands hid themselves in the forests or managed to flee to Sweden or Finland, but other thousands were nevertheless pressed into the labour and armed forces of the Reich.

When in 1944 the German armies in the Baltic area collapsed, and the Russians once again poured in from the East, the people of Estonia were faced, not with freedom, but with their third occupation within three years. This was too much for human beings. Fishermen left their nets to rot in the sea, farmers their ploughs to rust in the fields, students their books, and fled over the autumnal waves of the Baltic, and the Vistula, preferring, if need be, lifelong exile in foreign lands to life under Soviet domination. Among the refugees are thousands who were pressed into German uniforms and fled at the first opportunity. There are likewise some volunteers, though even they scarcely volunteered to fight for Hitler's Europe, but took up arms with the intention only of avenging themselves on the Russians who had deported or killed their nearest relatives.

To all siren-calls from Russia to return 'home', the Baltic refugees turn a deaf ear, for we are firmly convinced that, as a plant growing in darkness turns towards the light, so even humanity will slowly but surely progress towards true democracy, and a time will come when even the Baltic countries shall be free once more.

Against these facts, and not on Moscow's information on Baltic 'Fascists, traitors and war criminals', the tragedy of Rännestätt and the fate of all those multitudes of Baltic refugees in British D.P. camps must, I think, be judged.

KLEE: AND THE ANTIQUITIES

HUGH GORDON PORTEOUS

To some of you, I must assume, the name of Klee may convey nothing. Certainly, although the excavations are progressing, it will not do to look for it on the map. But you are invited to imagine that it connotes something too subtle, too excitingly strange, to approach directly; the evidence, as it were, of a culture imported from a great distance.

Distance, says a popular adage, lends enchantment to the view. Servicemen overseas have sometimes observed that the conventional picture of the Mystic East, as typified by a distant view of Cairo or Damascus, is dissipated like a mirage at closer quarters, when it resolves into a jumble of unsavoury sights, odours, and noises. Distance may interpose a Corot-like veil, obscuring the inessential. Or it may genuinely enchant us with an alteration of scale. Distance isolates the object, insulates us from what distracts, and enables us to contemplate with some measure of detachment the wood that we should otherwise be unable to see for the trees. Hence, for example, the popularity of those magic glasses of eighteenth-century science—the telescope, the microscope, the kaleidoscope, the stereoscope—which render the most contemptibly familiar objects strangely intriguing. Some of the enchantment of Klee is of this order. But I am concerned to find other instruments that will focus Klee for you from other angles.

Besides distance in space, there is distance in time, whose enchantments are more treacherously beguiling. In our approach to things past, we commonly bring a receptive attitude, compounded of awe, reverence, and expectancy: especially of wonder that such things can be. Before a fragment of culture so far removed from our own as that of China or Peru we feel a sympathetic surprise (often slightly patronising, and so flattering to our self-esteem) that a people so remote should turn out to be not so different, but so similar to ourselves. Even the sorriest relics of a bygone age may sometimes humble us with the realisation that human genius or talent has not, in some essential respect, progressed. Pity, too, may undermine us. Who, seeing some pathetic remnant of a vanished power, has not at some time mused sentimentally like Sir Thomas Browne over his Norfolk Urnes, that 'time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make a dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor achievements (etc)'. And beyond that, perhaps (for your true romantic is rosily optimistic about the past), lurks some nostalgia for a lost Golden Age. So antiquities come to us hallowed. If authority merely warrant a thing old, that is enough, if not to disarm criticism, at least to provoke in us a state of open-minded reverence.

The past crosses the frontier into the present with passport and visas in order. But the future parachutes upon us, without credentials, like a spy. And Tomorrow, through the medium of the visionary artist, is continually dropping us presents from the blue. Why do we treat these intrusions as hostile, or at least as suspect? The reason is not far to seek. The shadows of coming events invariably disconcert us. They upset our smug preconceptions. We like the familiar, especially from a new slant; but we fear the unknown. And the past is more acceptable than the future, partly because we see the remote past through spectacles provided for us by later masters, although those masters were themselves once new. We need not go back very far into the history of art—but to comprehend Klee we must go back a little—to perceive how paintings have gradually opened conservative English eyes to 'the beauties of Nature'.

It was Constable who, in the teeth of the bitterest opposition from his contemporaries, the self-styled exemplars of Tradition, first threw wide the window on the national landscape, and showed ordinary people how to enjoy the wind in the trees and the freshness of sun on brick and water. And then, again, take Turner. It needed all the rhetoric of Ruskin to persuade a small coterie to appreciate the rhetoric of the skies: the *Stimmung* of dawn, noon or sundown, the chromatic drama that nature so seldom arranges, it is true, with a tithe of Turner's nicety. And this Ruskin, you may recall, was very quick to accuse Whistler, who had the temerity to transpose the charms of dusk to canvas, of throwing a pot of paint in the public's face.

The marked one *Undated*

And what did Whistler think of the art of *père* Cézanne? That he should have been slapped for idle scribbling like a naughty girl of ten. Well, we may amuse ourselves by imagining what Cézanne, seer of the Limpid Provençale Aquarelles and father of all modern painting, would have had to say of his various progeny today. Yes, Klee (the cat is out of the bag) is a wayward child of Cézanne. And now, are we to make the same mistake about Klee?

Let us rather take warning from these examples of human error. And can we not prepare our hearts to receive Klee's tidings with the temperate curiosity, if not with the exaggerated reverence, that we readily accord the art, not only of the distant past, but of his immediate forebears? That should not be too difficult, for Klee penetrates more deeply into the past, in a sense we shall discover, as well as into the future, than any of those accepted painters we have mentioned.

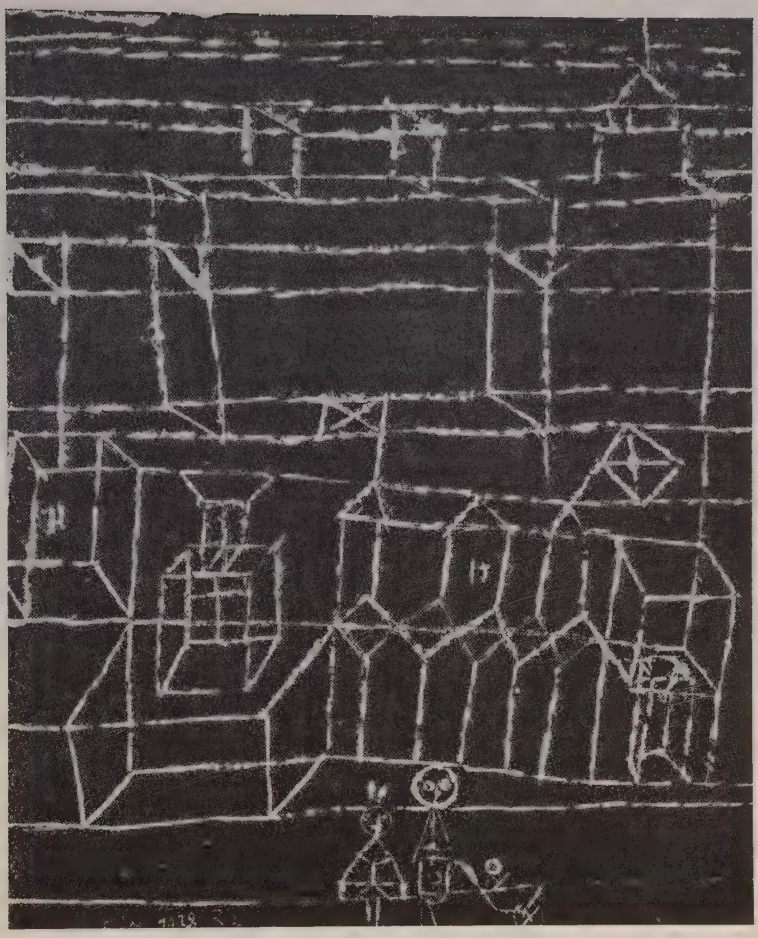
Many thoughtful painters, since Cézanne, have felt it better to eschew those realistic appearances of natural objects that the old masters have fixed for us for all time so superbly, or that the more literal if less discriminating eye of the camera

Southern coast in the evening 1925

can seize and fix in a matter of seconds. Instead, these painters have turned to explore other worlds, to open up new games with form and colour, or to devise new idioms of expression. Only the adventurous will care to follow them. For the rest every taste is already amply catered for: the lush pastures alive with the glossy horseflesh of Alfred Munnings, or the more fruity market produce of Brangwyn, are still with us. Nevertheless, for that intensive training of hand and eye which makes the painter, the old academic tradition is still perhaps invaluable.

Klee had his technical grounding in the academy of Munich. He copied, that is to say, the Antique, the classical figure, practising the gymnastics of anatomy and perspective. Then, by way of glass-painting, coupled with a profound study of archaic art, he emerged as a satirical and more fanciful caricaturist. Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso—those three twentieth-century old masters—completed his plastic education. Finally, in association with Franz Marc (a student of Cézanne who tried to feel and see with the animals) and with Kandinsky (who compiled an *Art of Spiritual Harmony*, cataloguing the emotional effects of abstract forms and colours), Klee began to create and plant and people an enchanted kingdom of his own, a wonderland more fantastically subtle and exciting than that of Lear or Alice, and as free for all to roam. It is a world at once highly civilised and authentically primitive, strangely distant and yet disquietingly familiar.

About this dream-kingdom of Klee there is nothing vague. All is sharp, tense, edged with wit. Often you will find him in the picture, in one of the guises of his Genii, as King, as impresario, as clown, as vizier, as assayer of weights and measures, as sorcerer or inquisitor. Often the background is a jewelled garden, ranged by a Mazzaroth of fabulous Lilliputian creatures more strange than Basilisk, Phoenix, Dragon, Unicorn or Roc; denizens of the preconscious, older than man and yet so new to our conscious perceptions that they seem to have strayed from another planet. There are incandescent fish, and skies haunted by luminous flowers and shells, moons that swim, and acrobats and birds wired

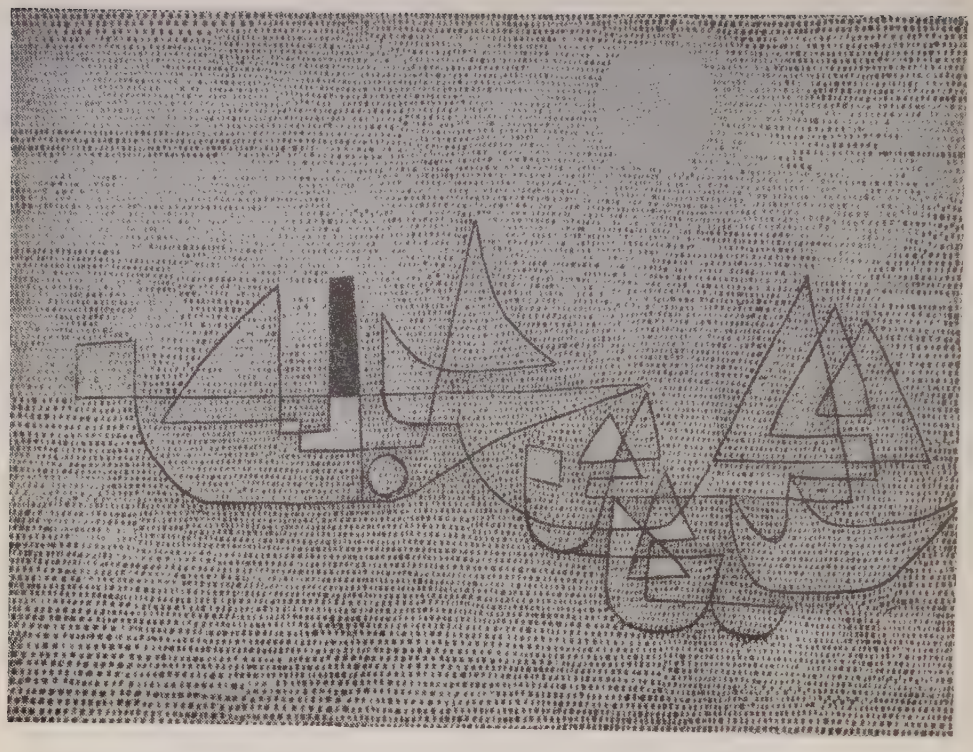


Children arrive at the city
1928

into electrical circuits, dog-eared tomes inscribed with runes and rubrics of an unremembered script, stairs and catacombs loud with pity or terror under herbaceous constellations, colours that screech like trains and others that are lethal, toys that are alive and ring nursery bells and leaves that stir the past.

If you like, these miniature fantasies of Klee are visual nonsense poems; they exist, staring with childlike innocence, on the brink of dreams and madness, outside logic, yet utilising with peculiar sensibility and intelligence patterns of images that can be *enjoyed* without 'understanding'. Just as it would be useless to consult the dictionary for the use of the verb 'diddle' in an attempt to appreciate the inconsequence of the nursery rhyme about the cat and the fiddle, so it would be a mistake to treat these paintings as pictorial riddles or crosswords to be unravelled by the reason.

If, on the other hand, you are tempted to consider (with Hitler) that these works of art are no better than you would expect to see from the hand of an infant, a savage, or a lunatic, and that they insult the civilised intelligence, then it remains to say something else. It is necessary to point out, in the first place, that a great deal may be learnt from the drawings of children, of tribal natives, and of the obsessed. These individuals commonly create, as a great artist does, under the compulsion of single-minded passion, things that we have no right to belittle. Drawings done (even by the incompetent) in the trance of childhood, ritual faith or mental disorder, sometimes have no more than a quaint or macabre attraction, but not infrequently exhibit a haunting intensity and fertility of fancy that no amount of plodding craftsmanship attains. Klee differs from these elemental types, not in any defect of imagination, but in his uncanny technical control and virtuosity.



Boats in the evening sun 1932

Again, Klee has so often been bracketed at random by those whose interest in art is first and last psychological, with simpletons, primitives, and surrealists, that it is necessary to insist upon the æsthetic value of his work. Granted there is little of the noble logic of form that you find in a Bach or a Michelangelo—no architectonic preoccupation—Klee nevertheless reveals an extraordinary sensitiveness to the stresses set up between forms, to the tension of a line, to the modulation of colour, to the exploitation of tactile values, and to the articulation of component images. In order to realise the significance of these elements, it may be well to return for a short space to a reconsideration of the enchantments of antiquity.

If we try to analyse our responses to what the dealers call 'antiques' and 'antiquities', we might find that, over and above the appeal of *antiquity* and its sentimental associations, beyond all pathos and picturesqueness, we are in fact recognising, unconsciously it may be, a certain sense of fitness about the changes that time has effected.

All substances, given time, tend to adjust themselves to one another and to the elements in which they have their being. Colours, as in stained glass, are mellowed, asperities are mollified, and wherever a too indomitable will has imposed too bleakly mechanical and rigid a pattern, time restores an informality of outline and a character more in conformity with the nature of the material.

In Time occur those whimsical warpings and reductions by heat and gravity, those erosions by wind and wave, those twists and fissures by frost or fire that betray the inherent lines of force in all things.

The oak beam at the inn, and the old domino box, the leaning post and the sagging rafter, were once as straight as the carpenter's square and rule could make them, but in time revolted, and settled down on creaking limbs, accommodating their bulks more comfortably to their ambience; and we say—as of the human features in old age—there's *character*. Time, Nature's old retainer, discreetly adjusts these properties according to a cosmic law. It was to this law that the Chinese sages paid tribute when, recalling the delicious acquiescence of spring rills, released from gaols of snow and thick-

ribbed ice, they praised above all things this excellent virtue of water, viz., that it always finds its proper level. But so, in time, and in their degrees, do all things. The viscous gums and syrups take seconds or minutes where more volatile liquids flow instantaneously. Even light, Einstein assures us, must make its bow as it passes by the heavenly bodies. Pitch and the harder waxes may take weeks to bend and months to drip; yet even iron bridges sag and tire.

What the centuries and the elements do, along these tortuous lines, the artist does instinctively with the forms he works in. Every new element in a design is a new factor in a plastic problem, exciting lines of force which seek their resultant. And in praising the 'plastic' and 'tactile' values of Klee's painting, I am merely recognising that he has acted according to the same principles, intuitively divined, that motivate time in its treatment of matter. That is why you may detect a family feeling between some of Klee's designs and, for example, an antique piece of ivory inlay work. The archaic distortions have a similar origin and justification, as well as a similar appeal. Juxtaposed images of colour or form, at the behest of the artist, with his dowser's sense of their magnetic pull, react to one another and are mutually adjusted, producing fields of distortion and (again like Time) areas of patination, transmutations of texture. For Time is a colourist as well as a designer, establishing vivid liaisons between contiguous elements, foxily rusting the green leaf, staining bright metals with gaudy variegations or salty incrustations, as of oxides or nitrates, according to the nature of the humid vapours to which the originals have been exposed. Or a stiffnecked noggin of Sidonian glass emerges from a sub-aqueous tomb buckled like an old snuffed candle, coruscated like mother-of-pearl, having suffered a sea-change. Time, the snail, leaves a meandering nacreous wake. And in Klee's surfaces you will often find this suggestion of iridescent, time-twisted charm, or the same attractive rightness of form and unity in variety of texture that some *objet d'art* of antiquity possesses.

Now, as time works on matter, correcting all violent or mechanical monotony, so the creative intelligence works upon the images of matter.

What the camera records is one image. What human sight reports is another. What the mind's eye sees is yet a third vision. And what the artist's hand sets down, under the spell of that vision and the direction of his will, is another image again, which may proliferate and graft things on to itself on its own account. So, in handwriting, the hand soon learns to depart from the copperplate model and takes on the informal and personal grace of holograph.

The overladen devil 1937

The mind, of course, sees what it seeks, emphasising its own special interests to the exclusion of what it deems inessential. That is the essence of caricature, as it is of the less deliberated art of the child or the primitive. (The outsize head on a pygmy trunk, with limbs indicated by a simple linear gesture, is a conception common to all.)

If we possessed the organs and attributes of some other creature, such as the turtle or the humming bird, we should open up an entirely new visual world, with its new spatial and temporal dimensions, its formal and chromatic changes. It is man's prerogative, and man's alone, to affect to be, almost to the extent of becoming, something other than he is by nature. It is this imaginative gift that enables him to be an artist, and that distinguishes his creativeness from the mechanical industry of the bee or the beaver, or from the meaningless mimicry of parrot or baboon. The child pretending to be an engine, the Red Indian identifying himself with his bear or eagle totem, the man who acts Hamlet or Napoleon in real life to the dangerpoint of self-deception and lunacy—all these are in a profound sense *artists*, entranced by the fixity of their beliefs. Creatures below the human level, incapable of these acts of impersonation, are proud only to emphasise the dignity of the horse, the intolerance of the tiger, the cunning of the fox, etc.

Klee, under the influence of Marc, underwent the discipline of impersonating other creatures, in much the same spirit as the Taoist Chüang-Tze, and one can imagine him quite at home in

At the end of the forest 1935

Strange hunt 1937

an aquarium or an aviary. What the micro-camera, the split-second shot and the slow motion film have demonstrated, viz., the essential kinship of the animal, vegetable and mineral worlds (the bomb unfolding like a palm), the interdependence of organic and inorganic, of mind and body, mind and matter, unconscious and conscious—all this Klee seems to have experienced for himself, as his drawings bear convincing witness.

A master of the exploring line and the emotional articulation of colour, Klee has explored all the possible worlds, old and new, and from his researches has devised an art that is part game, part joke, part poem, hinting of cultures lost in labyrinths of time, of visions behind the eye of bird and fish, child and madman. It is not an exclusive or private art, for it must sound overtones in all of us. But a work of art is only, after all, a hieroglyph of reality. Read into it what you will, but let it flower in the heart, intoxicate with its strange odours, flood the eye with colour; and if it extend experience and order or refine a moment of consciousness, it will not have been in vain.

If you will be persuaded that Klee is not so much an artist of today or tomorrow as of the very remotest antiquity, perhaps you may be able to uneducate your eye to read him with clarity.

Conquest of the mountain 1937

I have tried to show how much his appeal is just that of the most ancient art. Now ancient differs from modern art chiefly in this, that the art of the ancients was invariably a function ('handmaid') of religion. But the symbols of a religious faith or tribal cult all have their springs, ultimately, in some deep unconscious need, common to us all. It is the same urge that has engendered the symbolic world of Klee. (From it could almost be deduced a Freudian pantheon, or a system of basic hieroglyphics.) There are many valid orders of painting, and Klee's, I submit, is one we cannot ignore.

NURSING? HEAVENS, NO!

By a pretty girl from a good home who volunteered for the East

THE Government and the hospitals are clamouring for more nurses. . . . The response is small! Why are young women shrinking from the call of one of the noblest of all professions?

As an ex-V.A.D., having spent several years of the war nursing, if asked, 'Would you take up nursing?' my answer in all sincerity would be, 'Heaven help me! No! . . . I volunteered once. Never again . . .'

And yet we all agree that we loved our work. It was worth while working through the long hours, even becoming charwomen when the necessity arose, or in other words 'going through the grind.' Actually we were too often slaves, at the mercy of a petty Sister, who was herself at the mercy of a spiteful Matron.

From the day we joined, the fear of the Lord was systematically instilled into us—fear of encountering Sister's wrath, fear of Matron (next of kin to God Almighty), fear of the Medical Officer. Bullying and fear are the two evils the wretched V.A.D. or probationer encounters when she answers the call of Florence Nightingale. She has to put up with the mental and physical strain of nursing the sick. And yet, off duty, she is treated like an irresponsible schoolgirl by the Powers-that-Be. She has to get permission to be out late, and if she overstays her time-limit she is reprimanded like a naughty child the following day, and is then punished by not being allowed to go out again for a certain length of time. How many of us have heard this? 'Nurse, you've got too much lipstick on. Too much hair showing. Your dress is too short. You must not be friendly with the patients.'

Meals are supervised by a stern-looking dignitary of the Order. If by some misfortune you are a few moments late, you feel you are facing imminent disaster, and at once get 'that sinking feeling'. Petty rules and regulations dating from the days of Florence Nightingale are rigidly enforced.

The Matron and Senior Sisters cannot understand the modern young woman. *Their* lives were spent in hardship. Their training was hard, exacting, and eventually soul-destroying. Gradually their youth was sapped away within hospital walls, their world becoming that of the wards in which the suffering lay. To them were denied the human joys of companionship, love and motherhood. They answered the call, and sacrificed their lives.

The young nurse of today finds herself confronted with these hardened, repressed spinsters, whose warped mentalities fail to see and understand that one can be just as good a nurse with lipstick, a becoming hair style, a *joie de vivre* that should not be *repressed*, but allowed to communicate itself to those whose lives have become clouded through pain. The young nurse has the same right to enjoy life as others have, even more so. Therefore she should not be surrounded with a cloud of suspicion because she finds outside interests. She is *not* immoral nor a disgrace to her uniform.

Nurses should be allowed to marry as the natural thing, without having to give up their jobs if they want to carry on. What would be wrong with a married Matron? At least she would have a human touch.

It used to be painful to see Sisters with years of nursing experience, women over thirty, being reduced to tears by a remark or 'telling off' by the Matron (many a time unjustified), and being unable to stand up for themselves for fear of losing their jobs.

On the whole, little love or co-operation was given the wretched V.A.D. (the voluntary stooge of the hospitals) by the trained nurse, who resented her immensely, and often tried to make her think that she was the lowest form of humanity. We put up with all the pettiness, which I am sorry to say seems to be the spirit of many of the Senior Members of the Order of Florence Nightingale. Ours was a wartime job, and not a matter of bread and butter, as in the case of the trained nurse. Sense of duty and sense of humour kept us going, but I think the greatest comfort of all was the gratitude, understanding and cheerfulness of our patients. To them every V.A.D. is grateful. For their sake she worked to the best of her capacity.

Finally, it seems that very few women can take authority over other women. It soon becomes an abuse and a form of despotism. Just as some unhappy husbands are henpecked by their domineering wives, and their lives become a misery, so for many years in this country young girls find their nursing career a road to Calvary. Their hospital can sometimes almost be compared with a Belsen camp—with mental torturers *à la* Irma Grese!

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE VICTORY OF KING MENELEK

General Baratieri, for reasons which are at present somewhat obscure, decided to anticipate the arrival of his superior officer, and on the first he attacked the Shoans with fifteen thousand men. Whether it was that the position of the enemy was too strong, or because the Italians were outnumbered, or from sheer bad luck or incapable generalship, it is as yet too early to decide, but the attack signally failed. The leading columns were crushed, and the reserves failed to check their retreat, which speedily seemed to have become a rout. The battle lasted all day. When it was over, the Italian brigade had been crumpled up, having lost three generals, seventy-two cannon, three thousand men, and all its ammunition and provisions. The battle seems to have taken place at Adowa.

CONSEQUENCES IN EUROPE

Such a reverse weakens the Triple Alliance and correspondingly strengthens the Franco-Russian League. Italians, indeed, loudly declare that they could have coped easily with King Menelek were it not that he is armed and probably prompted by emissaries from France and Russia. Of this there is more suspicion than evidence, but it is believed in Italy, and that is, from some points of view, as serious a matter as if it were a demonstrated fact. Russia is known to look with benevolent interest upon the Abyssinians, and there will certainly be no lamentations over the reverse in St. Petersburg and Moscow. So long as the Italian Government can pay its way, and keep the flag flying over its Italian colonies, so long will at least a semblance of the Triple Alliance be maintained; but the immediate tendency of the late reverse will be to increase the inclination of Germany to pay almost any price to purchase Russian support.

CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES

The despatch of General Weyler, with full powers and fresh troops, to suppress the insurrection at Cuba has brought the United States into sharp collision with Spain. First the Senate, and then the House of Representatives at Washington, passed a strong resolution in favour of recognising the Cuban insurgents as belligerents. In the debate preceding the adoption of this resolution, Senators and Representatives vied with each other in painting Spain in the blackest colours, and picturing General Weyler as a kind of Turkish Pasha let loose on a Cuban Armenia. The immediate result was to violently excite Spanish national feeling. A Barcelona mob made a series of attacks upon the American Consulate in that city, nor would they desist until the military were called out and the streets cleared by an armed force.

RUSSIA AND BULGARIA

Like ourselves, Russia has for a period occupied a position of isolation, and she is still in a position of independence. France is her very good friend; but she is in no way bound by any reciprocal obligations to support France in any policy of warlike venture into which that country might be tempted; but Russia, like ourselves, has natural allies among those who are of her own kith and kin. The conversion of little Prince Boris of Bulgaria, which is one of those quaint ecclesiastical ceremonies which still are able to affect the destinies of nations, marks the re-establishment of Russian ascendency in Bulgaria. Prince Ferdinand is said to have declared his intention of becoming a Greek Orthodox, and the decision is hailed with great rejoicing in Moscow. Prince Ferdinand is not exactly a brilliant example of ideal Christianity, and the fact that, after being labelled Roman, he is now to be labelled Eastern Orthodox, has about as much effect upon his personal character as the substitution of a port or sherry label would have on the contents of a bottle of vinegar.

'John Bull's Monroe Doctrine embraces the whole world'
SYDNEY BULLETIN

A BOOK OF YESTERDAY

THOREAU'S 'WALDEN'

REVIEWED BY D. MARK BROYD

Of all the arts today, the least cultivated is the art of living. The measures of expediency to which we lend ourselves (because principles are inconveniently exacting and massive forces outside our individual control) mould our lives into degrading patterns of conflict: fear and truculent self-assertion; desperate co-operation to rule environment and individual greed; philanthropy and profit. An overweening self-sufficiency, like Ibsen's trolls, contrasts with a craven fear of responsibility.

These desperate problems of modern life, which the ill-balanced development of our civilisation has thrust upon us, were being felt even a century ago in the little country town of Concord, Massachusetts. Particularly was their importance appreciated by a young man, Henry David Thoreau, born there in 1817.

Despite a pronounced Puritan background, young Thoreau received a liberal education. In the countryside around his home, he early became a keen self-taught naturalist, and his natural gifts for observation and reflection were developed by four years at Harvard. After taking his degree, he returned to his home, where he opened a school with his brother. Owing to his over-optimistic estimate of the desire of young boys for knowledge, it failed. After that he went into his father's business of lead pencil manufacture for a few years, but without much enthusiasm, for he had little interest in making any more money than sufficed for his own very modest needs.

The extent of his Protestant austerity may be gathered from the words of Emerson, with whom he lived for a while: 'He was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the State; he ate no flesh; he drank no wine; he never knew the use of tobacco; and, though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun. He chose, wisely, and no doubt, for himself, to be the bachelor of thought and Nature.'

In 1845 his impatience with the all-insistent claims of possessions, which rule and condition men's lives, led him to undertake his experiment of building himself a house in the woods, and maintaining himself there by his own efforts. 'I see young men,' he said, 'my townsmen, whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools; for these are more easily acquired than got rid of... How many a poor immortal soul have I met well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty, its Augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture and wood-lot!'

Thoreau sought a life free from the burden of property and profit which he saw enslaving his neighbours. 'The mass of men,' he wrote, 'lead lives of quiet desperation. What is called resignation is confirmed desperation'. If that were true then, how much truer it is of us today, in the grip of social forces we hardly know how to manipulate. His sentiments were to be expressed again much later in the famous words of W. H. Davies:

> What is this life, if full of care,
> We have no time to stand and stare?

In March 1845, therefore, he borrowed an axe from a friend and commenced building himself a house by Walden Pond, from timber growing there, and with wood from an old shanty. He took his time, deriving pleasure from his work. His own efforts were not ambitious, but his reflections on the spirit of architecture are surprisingly modern, and *Walden* contains some ironic observations on the affectation of much architectural ornament.

Having completed his house and some furniture, he settled down to his life of simplicity. For his needs he earned sufficient money by 'surveying, carpentry, and day labour of various other kinds in the village.'

'For more than five years,' he avers, 'I maintained myself thus solely by the labour of my hands, and I found that, by working about six weeks in a year, I could meet all the expenses of living.'

The story of the two years spent beside Walden Pond, with its acute observation of the natural life around him: his 'brute neighbours';

the ponds; the bean field he cultivated, less for the food than for the pleasure it afforded him, and the sounds in the woods, are the product of a quiet, untrammelled mind. His reflections, too, upon his observations, upon his reading, his visitors, and the village, possess a profundity that would serve a modern author for a dozen books.

Indeed, *Walden* is perhaps too closely written. Each page will bear thinking upon for hours, although he sometimes elaborates in rather boring detail observations which may have derived an exaggerated significance from his being too much in his own society. The style of the book is dignified and stately, occasionally reaching a sublimity which, in the estimation of this irreverent age, seems to stop only just this side of the ridiculous, or at least the pompous. His sentences are complex, and carefully constructed, adjectives tending to appear in solid blocks of three. Long and complicated metaphors are frequent, and their extravagance sometimes becomes vaguely irritating. Frequent antitheses and quips, too, absurdly recall the naïve satisfaction of Mr. Pooter, in *The Diary of a Nobody*, with his own little jests.

To remark these eccentricities, however, which stand out in contrast to the terseness of the modern writer, is not to deny beauty to his prose, and a delicate sense of balance.

Living, as he did, so simply and so close to nature, often enabled him to see things more clearly, free from the artificialities and crusts of convention and tradition that clog our social intercourse.

Thoreau would never have been a Marxist, for he considered economic activity to be quite a secondary aspect of life: 'I am convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely; as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial.' He deplored the rise of factory production, with its specialisation, which means that a man lives but a fraction of a life. 'Where is this division of labour to end? And what object does it finally serve?' he asked. We know today only too well where it ends: in standing at a conveyor belt, performing small, boring, repetitious tasks; and in P.M.H.

He deplored, too, the bread and circuses that we call 'a standard of living', exclaiming characteristically, 'As if you could kill time without injuring eternity!'

His perceptions were clear, and he suffered no delusions about society and social behaviour. 'A man,' he wrote, 'will not need to study history to find out what is best for his own culture.' This directly contradicts the professors and dons, so busily engaged in pointing out the mote in society's eye, that they miss the beam in their own; for it is fashionable today to advocate the study of history for just that purpose. But, in doing so, we delude ourselves. For it is through each individual's attempt to achieve tolerance, self-control, and personal integrity that society will be bettered, never through the imposing of yet another framework upon our hatred, envy, and lust, which we justify with the cliché that human nature never changes. The great political 'systems' we have arrived at today are, perhaps, humanity's greatest confession of weakness. The State, or Nation, has become the medium for the expression of our hate and our desire for power, however vicariously attained. Within the State we can remain comfortably complacent, indifferently aware that our fates are being decided for us; and when the deluge does at length overwhelm us, we have at least the satisfaction of being able to blame the State, the mysterious 'they', for the errors of judgment. With the State we can identify our lowest and most degrading emotions; through patriotism we can utter sentiments that would strip us of our self-respect were we to utter them as individuals.

Thoreau's life and philosophy represent the highest expression of individualism, a quality which has fallen into disrepute for its justification of economic licence and self-seeking. His ideals are perhaps better compared with the growing movement of 'Personalism', with which are connected such names as Herbert Read and Henry Treece, an attempt to achieve a complete and harmonious existence without the artificiality of modern society.

'I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life—living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion.'

NEW BOOKS

HEALTH AND SOCIAL WELFARE, 1945–1946
Todd Publishing Company Ltd. 21s.

The 1945–1946 edition of this important annual publication is indicative of the rapidly increasing scope of problems connected with the socio-medical aspects of welfare. The present volume, covering 184 more pages than the 1944–1945 edition, contains in its first section a series of special articles written by selected contributors. These are aptly introduced by Sir John Boyd Orr's essay on Nutrition and Health, and followed by contributions on such topics as the rehabilitation and re-settlement of the disabled, the future of national health services, social medicine, maternity services, nursing, health and welfare in the Civil Service, the coming workmen's compensation legislation, juvenile courts and child protection. A series of articles on social services in the Dominions and Colonies concludes this imposing array of contributions, which also contains some of a more specialised nature, e.g., an article on the care of eyes in home and factory, the almoner as a medico-social worker, rheumatism, the problem of tuberculosis, dental health and so on. These contributions are arranged in a somewhat haphazard way. This may be explained by the novelty of the whole subject. It may be assumed, however, that future editions will try to apply some systematic order to this labyrinthic matter. A short section on health legislation and policy, which here and there overlaps with the preceding special articles, is followed by the various sections dealing exclusively with information in a Baedeker-like fashion. There are 'official directories'—with an important overseas section—official and unofficial statements—including the I.L.O. and UNRRA. There is a section dealing with officially-appointed committees, another dealing with careers in health and social welfare. There is a directory of organisations interested; some important statistics and tables, sections on books, periodicals and films, and a 'Who's Who in Health and Social Welfare' at the end. The section on publications, compiled with selective care, is not just altogether a comprehensive bibliography. It is characteristic of this subject, with its wide and ever-growing ramifications, that a great amount of medico-social material is annually embodied in articles published by learned societies, by medical journals and also by economic and social reviews. Just at a time when the publication of many necessary books is delayed, if not prevented, by the paper and labour shortage, account should be taken of these important contributions, written by experts, and their contents should be commented upon or summarised in a publication of this kind. It is to be hoped that Lord Horder, to whose wise counsel as advisory editor this publication owes much, may recommend for future editions the inclusion of the valuable results emanating from such addresses, articles and published research. It is a good idea to have a 'Who's Who in Health and Social Welfare', but unfortunately the present one is far from satisfactory. It contains the names of numerous persons whose field of activities is quite outside medico-social problems, while it omits others who have been leaders in surgical and occupational rehabilitation or in promoting Health Centres. As a whole, however, this new volume will be of invaluable help to all students of social problems, and it will prove particularly useful when the debate on the new social insurance schemes and the national health service grows in momentum.

HERMANN LEVY

THE MONEY OF DEMOCRACY
By Frederick Wigglesworth. *St. George Book Co.* 6s.

The nationalisation of the Bank of England and the Loan Agreement with America have focused public attention on to questions of monetary policy to an increasing extent. The reader wishing to know more about these matters can be recommended to read this 127-page book, for the author is a business man, well known in the city, and he writes with authority, and from inside knowledge.

The first part of the book gives an historical survey in which the relationship between the Bank of England and the Joint Stock Banks is explained, and the necessary background provided for a proper understanding of the problem. Part 2 deals with the prerequisites of stability, and Part 3 with proposals for reform.

Mr. Wigglesworth has devoted two chapters to the *Bretton Woods Agreement*, which he says '*would directly assail our sovereign power*, by establishing a particularly rigid and obnoxious form of gold standard.'

A useful feature in this book is the headings which assist materially in making reference back to a particular section.

EDWARD HOLLOWAY

A PSYCHOLOGY OF GESTURE

By Charlotte Wolff. *Methuen*. 16s. 6d.

Most of us are aware that our unconscious gestures profoundly reveal our characters. But the interpretation of the language of gesture has been remarkably neglected hitherto on a scientific plane. Dr. Charlotte Wolff is a pioneer in this field, and her latest book, *A Psychology of Gesture*, displays both the virtues and failings of a pioneer. It contains, on the one hand, enthusiasm and keen observation, and on the other precipitous impatience to establish authority over her vast new territory by drawing universal conclusions and levering her arguments over every obstacle with very dubious definitions.

'Emotion is a kind of malady which by its inner pressure produces in man agitation and irresolution.'

That would read well in a film script as dialogue for the increasingly popular stock character of 'the psycho-analyst' who talks as though he had taken a degree in metaphysics instead of medicine. It follows that when Dr. Wolff strays from the relative discipline of her home ground into the realms of History and Anthropology, her observations are even more expansive. On page 71 we are informed that 'the transformation from innocence to vice started in the Middle Ages when man tried to attain super-human power by the practices of black magic and occult science.' On the opposite page the eye lingers incredulously on the unqualified reference to 'natives', whoever they may be.

But it would be most unfair to labour these objections since the book is worth possessing by the student of psychology for one section alone, 'The Pathology of Gesture', in which the behaviour of an assortment of mental patients is observantly compared.

In the last part of the book, 'Results and Conclusions', the experimental and elementary nature of all scientific study of the mind, under whatever name it passes, cannot be concealed, in particular in its uphill battle to conquer the cunning and disrespectful ambiguity of words. 'Weakness' to describe the poorly-integrated structure of a personality is only misleading if it is made without consideration for the quality of the character and vitality involved. Samuel Johnson with his continuous artistic and stereotyped movements was a clinical model of a weak personality seeking to assert itself; but we have no record of the 'stronger' extroverts around him challenging the supremacy of his mind or personality with success.

It would be interesting to classify an assortment of memorable and infamous historical characters to measure how many were cycloids with nice centrifugal gestures and how many were 'disintegrating personalities' whose hands were emaciated by extensor gestures. There might be some surprises.

JOHN CHANDOS

FRANCE AND BRITAIN

Royal Institute of International Affairs. 6s.

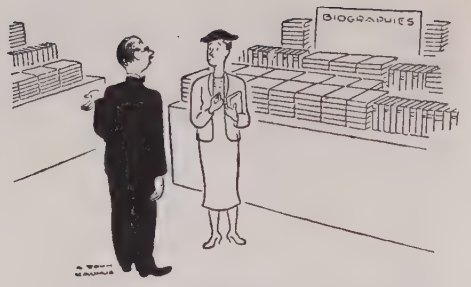
This analysis of the problem of Franco-British relations is one of those rare books that can be recommended absolutely without reserve. The subject is a vitally important one, and it is dealt with here sympathetically and realistically by a group of Chatham House experts. Without pretending to be more than a preliminary inquiry, it nevertheless touches upon every important aspect of the problem and examines it in relation to the general framework of international co-operation.

Relations between France and Britain have for too long been based on a vague and precarious footing, and there is a clamant need for a wider understanding in both countries of the common interests which formed the basis of the Entente Cordiale. France being the weaker partner, the advantages to her of a close association with Britain are perhaps more obvious but, as this report makes clear, Britain's dependence on French support is no less emphatic. Indeed, the case for co-operation would seem to be incontrovertible; and yet there are important elements in both countries who do not see the need for it.

The authors of this report do not attempt to minimise the difficulties standing in the way of Franco-British collaboration, but they show that these are based, not on any conflict of interests, but on temperamental and psychological differences. The need is, therefore, for greater mutual understanding of the respective problems of the two countries, their national psychology, social structure, institutions, etc. This question is admirably dealt with in a chapter on 'The Rôle of Culture in Anglo-French Relations', in which cultural relations are interpreted, not merely in the narrow sense of mutual understanding and appreciation of each other's achievements in the sphere of literature and art, but in the wider sense which includes sociological and other factors.

Altogether, an excellent little book, which deserves a wider circulation than it is likely to get.

TERENCE KILMARTIN



'These days you'll find cookbooks under "Fiction"'

COLLIER'S

MIND AT THE END OF ITS TETHER

By H. G. Wells. *Heinemann.* 6s.

Not so very long ago Wells prophesied a brilliant future for life on this planet under the leadership of man, but now apparently this is not to be. 'The end of everything we call life is close at hand and cannot be evaded,' he declares in this book and, of course, this rules out the dream of his own ideal type of Samurai showing history how things should be run. The *volte-face* is complete. Among many contentions that formulate this prophecy of doom, we are told that the human being can't cope with 'a hitherto unsuspected upward limit to quantitative material adjustability'; that there is an 'increasing discordance with the universe' and 'slowing down of terrestrial vitality', and that the 'hard imaginative thinking' of *homo sapiens* has not increased 'so as to keep pace with the expansion and complication of human societies and organisations.' That might be true. Our world, like Avernus, might also be an entrance to Hades, but that will not stop us from seeing the human drama through with all the faith and energy we can muster despite our rotten chances in a time of disruption, genocide and atom bombs.

Over-exuberant Utopians might find a warning in Wells's present outlook in that lack of patience and under-estimation of the shortcomings and difficulties of human material and general conditions of life around almost inevitably result in a swing to the other extreme. One feels that the Wellsian *daemon* would have arrived at a different destination if it had had more of the analytical pessimism and serenity of people like Freud and Macneile Dixon. But this can never detract from the genius of a spirit that gave us *Mr. Polly*, *Kipps*, and the *Outline of History*, and stimulated so much good thinking and concern for the future of mankind.

HUGO MANNING

DRUMS UNDER THE WINDOWS

By Sean O'Casey. *Macmillan.* 15s.

In the first two volumes of his autobiography, which described his boyhood and youth, Mr. O'Casey painted a grim and unforgettable picture of a slum upbringing in late Victorian and Edwardian Dublin. This third volume is not unnaturally of a somewhat wider scope, since it shows us the author as a young man, passionately involved in the various insurgent movements, patriotic and Socialist, which were rapidly gaining momentum at the time. Its interest is not exclusively biographical; it is far more an evocation—an admittedly subjective one—of the turbulent years leading up to the Easter Week rebellion of 1916, than an autobiography in the strict sense of the word. A good deal has been written about this period, but it has never, to my knowledge, been approached from quite this angle—that is, from the viewpoint of the working man with his twofold allegiance, to his country and to his class, striving to reconcile the twin aims of national freedom and social justice.

The narrative throughout is in the third person and the author uses the Gaelic spelling of his name, a device which gives him greater freedom and detachment, enabling him to keep his present self out of the picture and to show us the young Sean Casside in all the wild exuberance of youth, full of romantic illusions and woolly idealism. We see him flitting about the streets of Dublin, alternately cheering and jeering at the Gaelic Leaguers, plotting with the I.R.B., demonstrating with the workers of Jim Larkin's Union. At one moment he is the romantic nationalist fired by dreams of a new Gaelic-speaking Ireland; the next he is the worker passionately concerned with the grievances of his own class, and later we see him perched on the steps of the Post Office 'reading, reading the new catechism of the Communist Manifesto with its great commandment of Workers of all lands, unite!', and hearing, amid all the shouting and the tumult and the misery around him, 'the roll of new drums, the blowing of new bugles, and the sound of millions of men marching.'

Mr. O'Casey's rich and highly-coloured prose is on the whole immensely stimulating, but he has an inordinate fondness for the purple passage, and his efforts at word-coining *à la* Joyce are for the most part laboured and meretricious. The book is also marred by a surfeit of jingoistic claptrap. On the other hand, there are certain passages—descriptions of his family life—which, tenderly and beautifully written, recall some of the best pages of *Juno* and *The Plough and the*

Stars. There is humour, too, in plenty—tinged with a vague sadness in the description of Sean's encounter with the foul-mouthed, hard-drinking 'Mild Millie'; bitter and satirical in the account of the Gaelic League meeting in protest against *The Playboy;* macabre, almost Kafkaesque, in the scene in the lunatic asylum whither Sean has to escort his mad brother-in-law. These qualities alone are sufficient to make the book a memorable one, quite apart from its historical and sociological interest. It is to be hoped that the final volume with which Mr. O'Casey intends to round off this fascinating autobiography will not be long delayed.

TERENCE KILMARTIN

WHITHER THE THEATRE?

By Clifford Bax. *Home & Van Thal.* 3s. 6d.

In this 9,000 word letter to a young playwright, the author relates how he asked a well-known theatre-manager: 'Why does a wild success of 1913 have no interest for 1923?' The answer provides the most interesting sentence in this little book: 'The reason is that the attitude of the sexes is always changing.' This shows the overwhelming importance for the dramatist of catching the public taste of the moment. Somerset Maugham, one of the most successful playwrights of our day, emphasised this in *The Summing Up*.

Mr. Bax gives other excellent advice to the young playwright, such as the following. Remember the great deal of heavy work ('fundamental brainwork' and structural planning) which must be done before a word of dialogue is attempted. Decide on your theme and stick to it ('it should be possible to phrase in one short sentence the theme of your play'). Think in three acts and look spontaneously for the two minor curtains before the final one, in the case of all possible dramatic stories that suggest themselves. Plan 'each milestone toward which your dialogue will resolutely have to march. A play must *always* progress . . .' Limit your characters to about six or eight and your sets to one or two. Keep dialogue 'in character'. Hold the attention of the audience by surprise and action in the form of 'dramatic moments'.

Although entitled *Whither the Theatre?,* this question is not discussed. Nevertheless this volume is not without interest both to playwrights and to serious playgoers. But Mr. Bax does not get down to giving any practical advice until he is half-way through. The busy reader can start on page 17.

PETER NEVILE

From *Soldiers' Verse*. Chosen by Patric Dickinson. Original lithographs by William Scott. *Frederick Muller*. 10s. 6d.

THE NATIONAL TRUST

Edited by James Lees-Milne. *Batsford.* 12s. 6d.

The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty (to give it its full title) was founded in 1905. To mark its Jubilee, Messrs. Batsford have brought out this lavishly-illustrated volume in which twelve distinguished contributors give an account of the properties acquired by the Trust, describe the various aspects of its work and outline its hopes for the future.

How great a need there is for such a body as the National Trust is put with force and clarity by Dr. G. M. Trevelyan in an introductory essay which is a model of its kind. He points out that, while the suggested destruction of an old building or monument will at once raise a general outcry in the country, destruction or disfigurement of places of natural beauty goes on with little or no protest and at such an alarming pace that we are in danger of losing a 'main source of spiritual well-being and inspiration, on which our ancestors throve.' Although the Trust now owns or has protective covenants on 150,000 acres, that is a pitifully small part of these islands and very much more needs to be made secure from the clutches of rapacious builders.

The other eleven contributors, among whom are Sir William Beach Thomas, G. M. Young, Ivor Brown, John Summerson, are concerned more particularly with the different types of Trust properties—country and town buildings, historic shrines, mediæval buildings, nature reserves, etc.—and their collected essays are both interesting reading in themselves and a record of the good work achieved by the Trust in its first fifty years. The hundred or so illustrations supplement the text in showing some of the properties now in the care of the Trust.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

FOOTHOLD IN EUROPE

By Strategicus. *Faber & Faber.* 10s. 6d.

This seventh volume of a famous military correspondent's close-up of the war covers the months between the German collapse in Tunis and the first landings in Western Europe.

The work is thoughtful, painstaking and exhaustive—a valuable reminder for today, a useful source of information for tomorrow. But the shrewd comments, that used to hold the interest of Strategicus' readers day by day and week by week as the events he dealt with unfolded themselves, become unreal and even tiresome when re-read in bulk after many days. Perhaps the writer is trying to do the impossible. He is too far from his happenings to write news, and too near them to write history. His care for accuracy is impressive, but he writes about war as if he were writing about chess. One feels that if Strategicus were really present at any of the actions he describes, it is amazing that he should write with such a complete lack of warmth, colour and feeling. This does not, however, prevent him from having opinions. It is too soon to say whether they are correct, but they are certainly very stubborn. Few of his readers are likely to quarrel with the statement that 'the battle for air supremacy in Russia was won in the West though no adequate recognition was received of the fact', even if his figures of shipments to Russia are more questionable. But in perpetually reiterating his charge that the United States wantonly (one almost feels wickedly) starved the Western for the Far Eastern War (Strategicus could be more generous about what America did in the Pacific), he becomes almost comically insular, just when he is trying to 'think continentally'. And on the subject of France, Giraud and De Gaulle, he has a bunch of prejudices that have been completely falsified by events.

GEORGE EDINGER

FAREWELL CAMPO 12

By Brigadier James Hargest, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

Having been myself a prisoner in Nazi concentration camps, I am always very suspicious of books which try to give the public the impression that prison life is a gentleman's life.

Campo Concentramento 12 is certainly not to be compared with those infamous German concentration camps. I doubt if even someone with the wits and courage of Brigadier James Hargest would ever have succeeded in leaving a German concentration camp, as a 'working' man, carrying exquisitely forged papers and leaving dummy generals in their prison beds . . .' These facts had to be mentioned, as the reader may get a false impression of the book from the full title of 'Campo Concentramento 12'. The author, who had been captured, was in command of the 5th New Zealand Infantry Brigade during the attempt to relieve Tobruk. In his first chapter he brings back to us names that were once newspaper headlines: Tobruk, Bardia, Sidi Omar, Capuzzo, Sollum and the Halfaya Pass. After his capture by Rommel's Afrika Corps, Brigadier Hargest had only one thought—to escape from the Germans. In a very skilful manner the author describes every phase of his attempt without departing from the reality of his surroundings. The man who has served on the dark Continent and taken part in the invasion into Italy, will find in the book *Farewell Campo 12* a means of reminding him of the days when the great task of victory was then lying ahead of us.

ECLIPSE

By Alan Moorehead. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

Alan Moorehead does not need an introduction. His dispatches from the various battle fronts, in the *Daily Express,* are only too well known. It was a good idea to transform all these reports and interviews, collected on the various battlefronts from the invasion of Italy to the collapse of Germany, into a book. *Eclipse* was the code name given by the Allies to their last operation of war in Europe: the occupation of Germany. The road from Taormina to the final collapse of the German Army was a very long one. The author had to cross many side streets before reaching his goal. His descriptions of Salerno, Naples, and Rome, and the end of the Fascist régimes in Italy already belongs to history. His references to the various conferences at Casablanca, Teheran and Quebec, where the Second Front plans were born, show us that the author understood how to combine political events with military measures. Moorehead succeeded in his intentions of not wanting to write a war book, but merely to sketch in the military details. The story of the collapse of German Europe from the sociological, political, psychological and emotional point of view, the vivid description of the Normandy landing and the Caen-Cherbourg battle remind us of the days when we waited anxiously for every news bulletin from the Front. From the liberation of Paris and Brussels until the day after the last liberation, the author never relaxed in his journalistic observations on the current events around him. Because of that, *Eclipse* occupies an outstanding place in our contemporary library.

JOSEPH GETA

BRITISH JOURNALISTS AND NEWSPAPERS
By Derek Hudson

ENGLISH LETTER WRITERS
By C. E. Vulliamy

Collins' 'Britain in Pictures' Series. 4s. 6d. each.

To compress into the small compass of one of these volumes a history of the British press is a formidable task, but Mr. Derek Hudson has made a commendable shot at it. The seventeenth century saw the first genuine newspaper in this country, the bi-weekly *Oxford Gazette* brought out in 1665, but the early years of the eighteenth century were some of the most important in journalistic history: they saw the first daily paper (1702), the passing of a copyright act and the Stamp Act, and the beginnings of that advertising, so important a factor in the press today. And they were notable for the work of such men as Addison, Steele, Defoe and Swift. Mr. Hudson carries his story through the years which witnessed the birth of such papers as *The Times,* the *Daily Telegraph* and *Morning Post,* and shone with the lustre of men like Bell, Barnes, Delane, Russell, the first war correspondent, to the beginnings of modern journalism in Harmsworth's *Daily Mail.* It is a good epitome, but his account thereafter of contemporary journalism is not so satisfactory. Something stronger needs to be said of the dangers inherent in the present system of newspaper ownership, and the dictatorship of big advertising needs comment. The technical progress in newspaper production is not touched upon.

Mr. Vulliamy has a quieter subject than Mr. Hudson, but he employs a more pungent pen. Thus Boswell's letters display 'without any shame and without very much art, all the squalor, follies, vanities, mawkish regrets and futile resolutions of Boswell's unedifying life'. Disraeli is a 'highly successful humbug', while D. H. Lawrence's letters are the 'fretful, sickly effusions of a harried and irritable nature with a vigorous and intrusive sexual preoccupation'. But Mr. Vulliamy can praise as well as castigate, and in the rich field of English letter-writers he has, in Horace Walpole, Dorothy Osborne, Lord Chesterfield, Cowper, Keats and others, no lack of subjects on which to bestow his admiration. It is surprising, however, to find his praise extended to writers of anonymous letters. The illustrations are of the usual high standard of this series, but more facsimile reproductions of letters might have been included.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

George Orwell

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FAR EAST
By Cecil Beaton. *Batsford.* 15s.

Sent by the Ministry of Information at the end of 1943 on a photographic mission to India and China, Cecil Beaton travelled many thousands of miles in varying conditions of discomfort and danger (he was nearly killed in an air crash before even leaving England), met all sorts and conditions of people from Generalissimos downwards, secured hundreds of photographs, and returned to Western civilisation with thankfulness, and with mind and notebook stuffed with impressions, now drawn upon for this most entertaining book.

To cover the vast spaces of the Far East in a few months and give anything but a superficial survey is almost an impossibility: a fact Mr. Beaton realises fully. But because of his acutely observant eye, his freshness of outlook and aptitude for the telling comparison, to say nothing of a none-too-respectful pen, the sum of his impressions is an exceptionally vivid, if limited, picture of wartime India and China. He saw New Delhi, a 'complacent yet callous centre, without gaiety or the strength for cruelty . . . without a past or the necessary roots to develop a future', and was glad to escape to the North-West Frontier.

In Calcutta he visited factories, the home of an Indian poet, Parliament, and saw for sale monkeys with 'eyes like wall-flowers and the dignity of saints'.

He went west to Bombay (where factory conditions were not nearly so bad as propaganda paints) and east to the Burma front. And yet, when he left for China, he realised how little he had seen of the real India.

Instead of the silent, inscrutable figure of fiction, Mr. Beaton found the Chinese a sturdy, boisterous, emotional people of great charm. But he was appalled by their poverty and shaken by the evident corruption and dishonesty in those running the country. Inflation had reached an alarming pitch—in Kunming, for instance, prices in certain instances had increased ten thousand per cent!

Far East, both for its text and photographs, is a book to buy and keep alongside the author's earlier *Near East*. It has its peevish and cantankerous passages; but under the conditions of acute discomfort he experienced, these may be forgiven him.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

TRANSFORMATION—3

Edited by Stefan Schimanski and Henry Treece. *Lindsay Drummond.* 8s. 6d.

In this third number of the collection of modern writing that appears under the banner of the 'personalist ideal', the editors renew their efforts in trying to find the apotheosis of man's purpose with the aid of writers like Ernest W. Martin, Herbert Read, the Rev. E. F. F. Hill, James Eastwood, Gertrude Stein, Henry Moore, Stephen Spender and others. This may seem a rather extravagant attitude at a time when most of us are mainly concerned with getting a roof over our heads and some degree of necessary security. But it may well be a profitable one, especially to those individualists who cannot think of reality and truth in terms of the present makeshift solutions. Mulk Raj Anand in his contribution seems to touch on this point when he says that 'truth includes not only what man is but also what he desires to be'. This desire is not lacking in the general tone of the book where, despite the catholicity and multi-dimensional nature of the problems (Mary Seaton sees the future 'fighting for survival against a decaying capitalist system', and Kenneth Bowden asserts that: 'Our crisis is neither economic nor political, it is psychological,' and so on), one is conscious of a certain unity. It is quite possible that it is the illusory kind of unity created by the high standard of the contributions but, for all that, *Transformation* is unique in contemporary English letters in that it neither reflects the mere exhibitionism of experiment nor panders to those cut-and-dried panaceas that really belong to the world of the political tract.

HUGO MANNING

AN ITALIAN DIARY

By Flora Stark. *John Murray.* 6s.

When Italy declared war on the Allies in June 1940, Mrs. Stark, mother of the noted traveller and writer, was living at Asolo, near Venice, which had been her home for the past fifteen years. She ran a small silk factory there, and was a well-loved figure in that small Italian town. A fortnight after the declaration she was suddenly arrested as a reprisal for the propaganda work then being done by Miss Freya Stark in the Yemen. She found herself sharing with three Italian women, 'in' for the crimes, respectively, of theft, infanticide and abortion, a cell measuring three metres by five, and over-run with black-beetles, bugs, spiders and flies (it was next door to stables). Despite the efforts of influential friends, she remained there just on a month, in conditions that would have severely tested a very much younger woman. And yet, as her diary shows, neither her courage nor her abounding generosity of heart failed for a moment. The kindness and charity that had gained her the love of all at Asola at once won her the affection of her fellow prisoners, who did all in their power to make her lot less harsh; so that she can record: 'I never felt unkindly dealt with, as there was always a sense of sisterhood which made things easy'. Her charity covered even her gaoler, whom she describes as a 'gentle, nice little woman', and the prison governor—'a good man'.

This is a small book—only fifty pages long—but its interest and value are out of all proportion to its length. Miss Freya Stark contributes a Foreword.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

MINE OWN EXECUTIONER

By Nigel Balchin. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.

Nigel Balchin, the author of *The Small Back Room*, has now produced a novel, dealing with the work and life of a mental, rather than physical, scientist. His hero, a man in his thirties, is a lay analyst, with a basic love of his work and his wife, but a sense of frustration and disillusionment about both. He has rich society patients, who pay the rent and waste his time; and free patients, whom he treats at a clinic, and who provide the real emotional satisfaction for his work.

His crisis is precipitated by his falling in lust with a friend of his wife, and the treatment of an ex-Spitfire pilot, who has developed schizoid tendencies after crashing in Burma. The Spitfire pilot runs amok, commits a murder and then kills himself. The analyst's wife stands by him at the inquest and the combined emotional experience, we are left to infer, cures the analyst of his middle-aged malaise.

The narrative runs fast; the characters, with the exception of the wife and the *femme fatale*, are well depicted, and the dialogue is filled with good stuff. *Mine Own Executioner* is an extremely readable and intelligent novel, which should make a very good film. The publishers are mistaken, however, in claiming for it a great profundity. The psychology of the ex-Spitfire pilot is too neat to carry full conviction; if the human soul were as simple as that, psychoanalysis would be much easier and more often successful than it is.

A. CALDER-MARSHALL

"PARM ME!"

By Arthur Kober. *Constable.* 10s.

Readers of the *New Yorker* will be familiar with some of Arthur Kober's stories of Pa, Ma and Bella Gross living in the Jewish quarter of the Bronx. These stories are now gathered together in a continuous story of life in the Gross family.

Kober's humour springs from simple realism; Bella's search for a husband with enough money to support her; the vexations of life in a poor apartment; amusements, the 'moon pickshas', the Excelsior Social Club, the summer hitch-hike (provided it doesn't rain) and the annual holiday camp. The genius of Mr. Kober resides in his flair for dialogue. For example, it is Sunday morning and Pa Gross discovers in his newspaper an advertisement for a sweepstake 'a reffle fomm husses, cust maybe fifdy cents udder a dolleh a ticket . . . a futchin.'

'You hear,' said Mrs. Gross. 'He's tukking awready fomm a reffle fomm husses! Dope! *Schlemiehl!* What'sa metta, is not clinn enough the house, I need it yet a huss to doity up by me the flurr, should it be like a stable yet?'

'Mrs. Victrolleh, take away the niddle fomm the tunk a second!' bellowed the old man. 'Is not the huss you gung to win. . . .' *Parm Me* is not for those who dislike dialect humour. But if you like the above quotation, you will find Arthur Kober a delight. A. CALDER-MARSHALL

COLLECTED POEMS OF SIDNEY KEYES

Routledge. 7s. 6d.

When I was an undergraduate at Oxford and lived in the same lodgings as Sidney Keyes, I would have been incredulous had I been told that within a few years I would be reviewing his collected works. In spite of that preoccupation with death which appears in his poems, the thought never presented itself that Keyes might not survive the war. I say this because Mr. Meyer's excellent Memoir, which prefaces this book, leaves the impression of a life dedicated to its death. This is borne out in the narrative of Keyes' life and in the development of his poetic thought. Yet it is an injustice to his character if people are to imagine him a young man morbidly haunted by the expectation of an early death. He was not, as Mr. Meyer points out, 'a degenerate Romantic who wooed death'. Keyes defined his attitude when he wrote: 'I am the man who groped for words and found an arrow in my hand'. He was of the generation which had since 1931 been destined for the battlefield.

It has been suggested (as of so many other short-lived poets) that Keyes' poetry reached the peak of its development, and that if he had lived, he would have had little to add to it. To disprove this, it is only necessary to read his poems in sequence. Up to the time of his death it is obvious that his poetic genius was steadily increasing, and that, though his maturity of expression was astonishing, he was still open to many influences. That of the later Eliot is very marked in one of his last poems, *The Wilderness.* To my mind there is no doubt that his self-expression was incomplete. Although Keyes dreaded obscurity, his early poems are often difficult because overloaded with references to his curious and extensive reading. It is significant that the notes at the end of the book really are necessary to elucidate several of the poems. To some extent he mixed his poetry with references whose full force is lost unless one knows something of his private life. These blemishes taper off in the later poems. He occasionally spoilt a poem with an unnecessary allusion. *The Island City* is a striking example of a perfect lyric almost ruined by an unfortunate last line:

'Walking among this island
People inhabiting this island city
Whose coast recedes, whose facile sand
Bears cold cathedrals restively,
I see a black time coming, history
Tending in footnotes our forgotten land.
Hearing the once-virginal
But ageing choirs of intellect
Sing a psalm that would appal
Our certain fathers, I expect
No gentle decadence, no right effect
Of falling, but itself the barren fall;
And Yeats' gold songbird shouting over all.

It was a footnote tendency, inherited from Eliot and Pound, which made the acknowledgment to Yeats in the last line inevitable. With Keyes, poetry was sometimes submerged by intellect; it is probable that he was aware of this. His fault as a poet was, he once told me, that he tended to be 'incurably hortatory'. He had not, I think, great use for poetry pure and simple. On this account he disliked one of his most haunting lyrics, *Glaucus,* and excluded it from his first book. It is likely, however, that Keyes will chiefly live in such poems as *Plowman, Wordsworth* and *Lament to Adonis,* which contain some of his most arresting lyric poetry. Powerful and remarkable as they are, the two long poems, *The Foreign Gate* and *The Wilderness,* show something unassimilated and undigested. Yet these poems are witness that with Sidney Keyes we lost a major poet. His influence is already apparent in the work of his successors; and, as Mr. Meyer remarks, 'the fulfilment of his genius rests with the survivors of his generation'. DAVID WRIGHT

CROSS-SECTION
OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

France and Europe's Future

OUR amateurish statesmen in Washington tend to forget that France, which they still snub, is the only great power left on the Continent of Europe. It is a very weakened France, but its wheels are beginning to turn again. Culturally, it is the centre and the hope of the Continent. If it were encouraged by the three great powers which won the war instead of kicked around by them, its contribution to Europe's recovery could be immense.

There is, when you stop to think about it, no other strictly European nation which can take the lead in reviving Europe. Not tragic Italy, certainly. Germany at the moment is no longer a nation, but merely an agglomeration of dazed human beings living in a wilderness and caring about little except keeping their bellies half full and their skins warm. The Germans will need a great deal of straightening out before they can make any decent contribution to a decent new Europe. True, the British and Americans are doing their stupid best to quickly revive them. But the attempt will probably fail, if only because in the end Russia and France, which have had enough of German aggression, will know how to make sure that it fails. In fact, little progress in Europe can be made until the German question in its fundamentals is settled. The French are not nearly so unreasonable in their attitude toward Germany as the White House, the State Department and Byron Price appear to believe. They do not oppose eventual central German administration in Berlin. They merely insist that the future of the Ruhr be settled first.

It is perhaps easy for Americans to forget that the fate of Western Europe depends in considerable measure on what is done with the Ruhr. Its coal is the backbone not only of German industry but of that of Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Italy, Switzerland and France. But Ruhr coal is also a matter of security to Germany's recent victims. If Germany controls it, she becomes automatically a strong economic power, which in our time means a strong military power. That is why France urges internationalising the Ruhr under a system which would give Germany the coal she needs for peaceful industries but make sure that the Reich could never again use it as a means of building up military strength.

After all, the French argue, Germany was rendered harmless in the East by the amputations confirmed at the Potsdam Conference. Is it unreasonable to ask for a settlement in the West before the Germans in Berlin are given back the central authority over the economy of the Reich?

WILLIAM L. SHIRER in the
New York Herald Tribune

The Twilight of Liberalism

TWO wars in a quarter of a century have changed the face and the equilibrium of the world. A barrier separates us from the past—from the old world of nineteenth-century liberalism, and we are definitely in a new age, to which we shall have to adapt ourselves. . . .

It is obvious in the first place that the centre of gravity of our planet has shifted. Europe, ruined, ravaged, territorially diminished, can no longer play the rôle of leader of Western civilisation, nor effectively control the destinies of the world. The centre of gravity has now split, and is divided between the United States and the U.S.S.R.

At the same time, total war has placed such enormous power—not only political and military, but also economic, financial, technical and social—in the hands of the State, that private interests are powerless against it. It is, moreover, unlikely that the State will abandon the extraordinary powers that circumstances have given it. It will use them, in order to maintain itself, in trying to satisfy the material or emotional needs of the masses. All dictatorships behave in this way, and the powers of the State have almost everywhere become dictatorial. There is reason to fear that this situation will last, for the masses, incapable themselves of wielding the power acknowledged by tacit accord to be their due, will delegate it globally to the State—thus risking enslavement, whether they like it or not.

Is it fatigue, indolence, or the inevitable drift of circumstance that explains why the individual no longer wishes to be left to his own initiative? He expects, he demands, the State to look after him; he places himself in its hands . . . . In short, is no longer free, but one wonders sometimes whether he really minds. Society has become more democratic, but less liberal, and liberalism is now dismissed, by so-called progressive people, as an outmoded doctrine. . . .

ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED in *Le Figaro*

Hitler: *My dear friends, why don't you disarm? Do become angels of peace like me . . .*

. . . Five years later

DE ZAKENWERELD (Holland) 27.5.33

England is Not a Debtor Nation

It is often said that England, for the first time since Queen Elizabeth, is a debtor nation. It would be truer to say that she has simply ceased to be a creditor nation. Before the war the nominal value of British foreign investments approached £4,000 millions and the gold and dollar reserve totalled £700 millions, approximately equalling the investment of foreign capital in England and the British debts. During the war England had to liquidate a little more than a quarter of her foreign holdings, while at the same time contracting £2,600 millions of short term debts, principally in the countries of the sterling zone. Today the nominal value of her foreign investments amounts to some £2,800 millions, and her gold and dollar reserve to £450 millions, perhaps a total of £3,250 millions. This figure roughly equals that of the British debts which amount today to £3,350 millions. It is, in fact, probably greater, if we take into account the market value rather than the nominal value of the British investments.

This rough equilibrium is naturally destroyed by the recent borrowing of £1,100 millions, but the deficit will be much less than the amount of the loan would make it appear. The Washington agreement provides, in effect, that in exchange for a partial repayment in dollars, the British creditors of the sterling zone should renounce a part of their credits, the remainder being converted into a long-term debt, repayable as from 1951. That would after all be only a contribution from Britain's creditors to a cause which was theirs as much as England's; the war effort of India or Egypt, of which so much was heard, was in reality England's effort, at least on the financial side. The difference between the £1,100 millions of the American loan and the total renounced by Britain's creditors will represent the net amount of England's indebtedness — a few hundred millions at the least favourable computation.

In the matter of interest on British debts and holdings the position is even more favourable. British foreign investments today bring in £170 millions, while debts absorb only £73 millions. In any circumstances the interest on British investments will exceed by some £80 millions the total of interest payable by England, and in this respect England, in spite of her indebtedness, remains a creditor country.

So long as the United States seeks to elude the fundamental duty of the creditor, which consists in having a sufficient surplus of imports, all idea of monetary or commercial liberty is destined to remain a dream, even if, under pressure of circumstances, it becomes for a time a reality on paper.

La France Libre

America's Dwindling Resources

During the war America used up natural resources faster than ever before. The raw materials of America were the fuel that stoked the Allied fighting machine. 'Our natural resources have been seriously depleted by this war,' reported the Mead Senate Committee a few weeks ago. Yet we cannot shove all the blame on to the war. That would be easy, but it would be shirking the truth. For many years prior to the crash of bombs on Pearl Harbour, we had been reckless with the resources of the nation. . . . .

The United States has approximately 20 per cent of the world's known oil reserves. During the war this country supplied nearly 80 per cent of the oil required by the Powers fighting Germany and Japan. The proven petroleum deposits of the United States contain about 21,000,000,000 barrels. Our 1944 rate of extraction was 1,700,000,000 barrels, a drain which can be supported for only 12 years.

The entire question of a national oil supply depends on the extent of the oil fields yet untapped. Many petroleum experts believe that this country holds immense pools of oil which

will inevitably be discovered within the next generation. However, a report of the Council on Foreign Relations warns that from 1938 until 1944 'new oil discoveries have not kept pace with annual withdrawals, even on the basis of peace-time consumption.' The Council feels sure that the cost of developing petroleum products in the United States will gradually increase, as the locating of new fields becomes increasingly doubtful and difficult.

Small wonder that the Mead Committee believes 'we cannot oil another war.' Nor can we overlook the fact that so noted a petroleum technologist as Benjamin T. Brooks thinks the United States faces 'the prospect of changing from an oil-exporting nation to an oil-importing nation.' Synthetic production, of course, can furnish an inexhaustible reservoir of petroleum products. But with present methods, this involves a sharp increase in costs.

The United States has almost inexhaustible quantities of low-grade iron ore. This ore is cheap in quality and difficult to extract from the ground. It was high-grade, easily accessible, ore which made it possible for this nation to boost its steel production to almost 100,000,000 tons a year. This high-grade ore is running out. The fabulous Mesabi Range of Minnesota is near depletion. Continuation of the wartime rate of consumption would exhaust the deposit in eight years. When we produced 100,000,000 tons of steel, 65 per cent of that stemmed directly from Mesabi ore. In the 90 years since ore-bearing boats first plied the Great Lakes, the Mesabi district has produced 2,100,000,000 tons of iron ore. Only 1,250,000,000 tons remain, according to the Minnesota State Tax Commission.

When the Mesabi Range has been gutted, we still have left many deposits of inferior and less accessible ore. But this will mean more expensive steel, sharply reduced production and greater demands on manpower. 'We have been depleting the cream of our mineral resources at a terrific rate and discovery has not kept pace with production,' reports the U.S. Bureau of Mines. Commercial reserves of lead will run out within 12 years, even at the pre-war rate of use. Silver reserves are sufficient only for 11 years, zinc for 19 years and copper for 34. Less than a single year's supply of mercury remains and only two of manganese. Commercial reserves of tungsten are ample for four years, platinum for the same period, bauxite for nine years, asbestos for three years and nickel and chromite for less than one year each. . . . *Common Sense* (New York)

Congress Needs Reform

NOT since 1893 has the machinery of Congress been overhauled.

National expenditures then were 3-10 of 1 per cent of what they are today.

Burdens upon individual Congressmen are staggering.

Too many committees perform too many overlapping tasks.

Relations between Congress and the executive branch are bad.

Relations between Congress and the people are bad.

Old seniority rules keep good Congressmen down and keep ageing, inefficient ones in position of power.

These are only some of the many ways in which an 1893 set-up creaks and groans under the demands of 1945.

Congress is an oxcart in the Age of the Atom.

Only Congress can do anything about it.

Well, gentlemen? *St. Louis Post Dispatch*

French Bourgeoisie is Dead

THE second world war with the occupation and the sufferings it entailed, and the rigours of two successive winters have given the death blow to the French middle classes, at any rate in the towns. To the bourgeois the country has long owed its economic and social advancement, its political and economic equilibrium, but since the second world war, he has ceased to be the arbiter of his country's destinies or to belong to a homogeneous class. At present France is a country with an ever-increasing number of *rentiers* without incomes, of business men without business, doctors without paying patients, of peasants for whom the normal exchanges become ever more difficult, of briefless barristers, architects without orders, officials without office. Before the first world war the employees of the *octroi* and the municipality, the schoolmaster, the postmaster, and the stationmaster of the small towns belonged to the bourgeoisie. Even though poor, they were respected. Along with the notary, the doctor and the chemist, they were the notables of the place. Today these ancient bourgeois are all 'comrade-syndicalists': they support the more moderate Parties and are supported by them. These new proletarians, indispensable to the community, through the disintegration of their class, have now reached the point of placing the Trade Union's authority above that of the State.

La France Libre

1500 B.C.—A.D. 1946

One of the oldest medical treatises in existence, the papyrus Ebers, written about 1500 B.C., contains a 'Book of the Banishing of Pain'. From this papyrus we learn that the ancient Egyptians were familiar with many of the drugs we use to-day, that they were skilled in the preparation of pills and ointments and injections, and that they wrote minutely detailed prescriptions for the treatment of many of the ills which still afflict mankind. One of their prescriptions contains 35 different ingredients.

We have no evidence as to its efficacy, but those ancient priest-doctors were at least working in the right direction, for one of the most recent discoveries of medical science is the fact that an infinitesimal quantity of a powerful drug will do the work of a large dose if it is backed up by the right combination of other drugs in the right proportions.

Take 'Cogene' for example. 'Cogene' is a scientific combination of four separate drugs, in tablet form, each of proved worth in the relief of pain. Because each of these drugs is present in only a minute quantity 'Cogene' is non-habit forming and produces no harmful after-effects; yet will relieve the most harassing nerve pain far more rapidly than a single drug could do. That is why doctors prescribe 'Cogene'. It is sold by all chemists at 1/1½d. a tube.

Never forget, though, that while 'Cogene' will relieve the pain, it cannot remove the cause of the pain: only a doctor or a dentist can do that.

'COGENE'

(*Regd. Trade Mark*) *Brand Tablets*

A 'GENATOSAN' PRODUCT

MURPHY comes back to

And now we'll tell you all about what we did in the War . . . . *You'd rather hear what we're going to do in the peace ??* Perhaps you're right. Well Murphy Sets are already getting into the Murphy Dealers' shops — and out again. So don't be disappointed if you can't walk in and get a model right away. Don't expect "miracles"; but in many ways they're better than pre-war models — and *they* weren't so bad, were they ? Have a chat with your Murphy Dealer.

MURPHY RADIO LIMITED, WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE

C.R.C.182

Bouquet for the Yanks—

'THE only fighting done in this country (Iceland) was pursuit of U-boats from the air but on land no fighting took place, except among the troops themselves on account of Icelandic girls. Of course there was a mass immigration at night of girls to the camps, and in this respect the Americans had the better chances. The smart uniforms of the Americans contributed to their success, but apart from that every observer who had an eye for human bones could read the signs of healed rickets in the British, whereas the Americans were as many walking advertisements for good nutrition.

'Yet, perhaps the most impressive difference noticed by us between those two nations was their working methods. The British had inefficient engineers and supervisors, and labourers got used to a minimal output of work. In many places the labourers were criticising severely the absurdity of what they were doing. Yet, if they suggested advice for the better, it was, as a rule, ignored, many times to the detriment of the British.

'The Americans, on the other hand, brought a fresh breeze of zeal into the work. They had machines and efficient people, and people liked to work for them in spite of having to work much harder. Ships, which had taken fourteen days to unload, the Americans would unload in two days.

'The Americans acted towards the Icelanders as they would have done towards themselves. But the British had a tendency to treat us like Colonials. Their Imperialism has evidently taught them this attitude towards foreign nations.

'The British officers were evidently a mixed lot. Probably we have not seen the best of them, but I must give you the impression of what we saw. At least they were, although less numerous, more prominent as consumers of drinks and girls than the American officers, who seemed to take their work more seriously. Of course, there were many fine persons among the British, but unfortunately the people saw more of the others.

—But The British Tommy was all Right

'I THINK all of us got the greatest respect for the British private. They were probably an unselected lot from all parts of England, Scotland, and Wales. Walking the streets in small groups with no money in their pocket, lacking the attracting force of money and smart outward appearance, they had evidently submitted to their fate. But their unassuming attitude made a pleasing contrast to the boisterous behaviour of the American soldiers, who had to turn round for every girl they met, and were just as cocksure of their superiority in amorous warfare as the British were of final victory. The British private was a nice man, friendly and self-effacing, who, although making few contacts, will be remembered as the sympathetic neighbour, whom everybody likes without having ever spoken a word to him . . .'

Report from Iceland quoted in *National News Letter*

W.R. in Disgrace

AN article in a recent issue of WORLD REVIEW appearing in the form of a so-called Brains Trust on 'What should now be our policy toward Germany?' is the medium of a scurrilous attack on the Soviet Union.

The 'brains', consisting of Professor G. D. H. Cole, Dr. C. E. M. Joad, Lord (Bertrand) Russell and Lord Vansittart, advocate the formation of a Western Europe Federation in order to 'look Russia in the face.'

Russell makes the outrageous suggestion that Britain and the Soviet Union have agreed to a policy deliberately to cause a large part of the German nation to die and that this policy emanated from the Soviet Union.

Another suggestion declares that Russia is the Power to fear in the future, and not Germany.

Commenting on the article, Mr. Will Lawther, President of the National Union of Mineworkers, says:

'Anti-Soviet venom brings together strange bed-fellows. Those who understand the place of the U.S.S.R. in world affairs must watch their capers.

'Russell says that there is in Germany a "passionate hatred of Russia, so passionate that it causes them by comparison quite to like us", and where he gets his information only Joad would know.

'Russia is a Socialist country, but these intellectual word-spinners prefer not to see the difference between it and the capitalist imperialist State.

'These people are worse than the rabid Tories of the early 1920s who sweated blood at the mere mention of the U.S.S.R.

'But Joad and his brains-trusters will not deceive ordinary men and women.

'Cole has written mystery stories, but this one will rank as his greatest fiction. Henceforth he should leave serious questions to serious people.

'The article in question by the bed-companions of so-called Socialists and Vansittart is a disgrace.'

Daily Worker

WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

"Good morning, Mr. Gerald. I see you have been out shopping."

"*Not exactly, Hawkins. I've been along to Olympia to collect the garments which a grateful country bestows on its returning warriors.*"

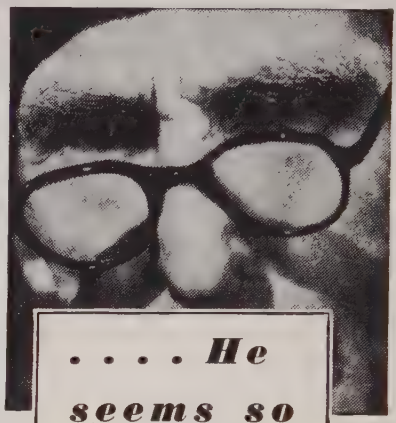
"I trust the garments were satisfactory, Sir?"

"*Excellent. From the hat, felt, pie, pork, green, to the studs, shirt, collar, front, back. The Army thinks of everything.*"

"Not quite, Mr. Gerald. The authorities probably overlooked the bottle of Rose's Lime Juice which takes the sting out of post-dispersal parties. On the other hand, I, Sir . . . "

"*Of course you did, Hawkins. I've never known you miss a trick. What a boon to enjoy again the amenities of civilian life.*"

ROSE'S — *There is no substitute*



. . . . He seems so restless

IT'S the aftermath of the war. Exhausted nerves and strained digestions re-act on one another. He needs a rest. A cup of Benger's every night for a week. It soothes the digestion back to normal. Promotes sound healthy sleep. One feels quite different after a course of Benger's.

Why Benger's Food is so good for you

The active enzymes in Benger's partially pre-digest the milk. You absorb its full nutriment without digestive strain. That's why Benger's is so good for you. Your Chemist and Grocer sell Benger's Food. From 1/9 a tin.

BENGER'S LTD., HOLMES CHAPEL, CHESHIRE.

Oh! Death, where is thy sting?

SOMEDAY you are going to die and, if you're like most of us, you are probably afraid to die; you believe that death will be unpleasant. In that you are wrong. It is not unpleasant to die.

Reader's Digest

No Longer Carriage Folk

PAISLEY women thread mill workers have a distinct grudge against the Board of Trade. They think their long hours of war service in the mills are receiving poor reward. The town is practically without corsets and brassières, and the kind of light wool underwear they require. Children's winter underclothing is also very scarce. Having experienced organisation and speed-up for war purposes, they want to see a similar effort made to give them a minimum of the goods they require. Now the intense effort to win the war is over, they need support more than ever for their tired and relaxing muscles and feel they deserve it.

They say that Paisley women and girls were at one time amongst the smartest in Scotland (which popular opinion supports) because of the attention they paid to good carriage and posture, but now they are getting careless and their health and reputation are suffering.

Corsetry and Underwear Journal

Painful Encounters

YESTERDAY I passed a male person whose right eye was brown and whose left eye was blue. He looked at me. Immediately I felt a sort of growing pain under my heart. How flabbergasted I was to find when leaving the house, another male person whose right eye was blue and whose left eye was brown. Again I felt a pain. . . .

Letter in *Daily Mirror*

Alcoholic Oblivion?

MR. GAMMANS (Cons. Hornsey): Do you realise that more gin might help the people of London to forget the Labour Government?

Sir Ben Smith: Much more gin would be necessary to make them forget the previous Government.

Hansard

Wants Looking Into

BEGINNING in the winter of 1938, Dr. Ewing and his associates, working on the research vessel Atlantis of the Woods Hole (Mass.) Oceanographic Institution, began to experiment with underwear photography during other research involving long trips to sea.

The Times

I've as much sex appeal as a pelican.
BETTE DAVIS

MESSAGE FROM PARIS

FRANCE IN SEARCH OF HERSELF

J. C. DE BEAUJEU (Correspondent of *Le Monde Illustré*)

THE POLITICAL SCENE

AFTER his nomination to the Presidency of France by the Constituent Assembly, General de Gaulle was faced with a load of almost insoluble problems. Having been entrusted by the nation with the task of leading the country, his first concern was to form a Cabinet representing all parties, in the hope of avoiding the attacks of those not in power. Very much against his own conviction—and credit must be given to him for this gesture—he entrusted to a Communist a portfolio of the Ministry of War.

In the light of recent events it can readily be seen that there were innumerable differences amongst the Cabinet. While all members were anxious to put their departments in order, the ideas of some went beyond the realms of practical possibility. It must not be forgotten that France has few politicians capable of dealing with the intricacies of the present situation.

The departure of General de Gaulle is not, in fact, a serious matter of internal politics; the Fourth Republic has, as yet, no constitution, and the nomination of a provisional head of the state was purely conventional. The legality of this election was based on no official document, and the change does not prove the failure of the new political system.

Economic distress has always helped the Left Wing. The inefficient rationing, the bitter shortage

of supplies, the rise of the cost of living to 700% above 1939, the plight of those living on retired income—all these factors, though not as yet decisively, tend to accentuate the Leftward trend in public opinion. Communism in its extreme form does not, however, appeal to the *Français moyen*, who wishes to end his days as the owner of a small house on his own plot of land. The tendency of the English people to judge other nations by their own standards must not distort their judgment regarding France. The French people, like their parliamentary representatives, want drastic measures, but the mind of the Frenchman moves faster than the yield of the land, while an empty stomach only increases his impatience.

Unperturbed by the unavoidable consequences of an unfortunate war, the Constituent Assembly will continue its vital search for a new future and a new greatness. The seven months ending in May will have a profound influence on the country. The growing pains it is suffering now are neither the responsibility of de Gaulle nor of his countrymen; they are due to the present lack of binding laws, which allows a very narrow margin between legality and illegality and depends entirely on the conscience of each individual.

France is going through as great a revolution as the one of 1789 but, like England in 1945, has chosen the bloodless procedure. Her political reshuffle has not the same background of Victory to unite the nation. The conditions are therefore not quite so favourable. Three new political parties born of the years of occupation offer their programmes. Will the individual policy of each of these parties be strictly adhered to when they once again appeal for re-election? Or will their short term of office cause them to modify or even reverse their ideas? Upon these vital issues will depend the distribution of votes.

Through the stormy events of the past and those still to come, two facts remain certain: first, Frenchmen have proved themselves more inclined towards reason than revolution; second, and this concerns the British more directly, the foreign policy of France will not be altered. By a marriage of reason if not of love, France is closely bound to the Anglo-Saxon countries within the framework of the United Nations.

The patriotism of General de Gaulle cannot be questioned but his sectarianism might in the long run have endangered the popularity of France. A more flexible personality would represent more accurately the natural broad-mindedness of the French.

On one subject, however, they remain obdurate. This concerns the fate of the Rhine countries, which the French are not prepared to entrust to International control, as they have no faith in it. 'The border of England is on the Rhine.' Those prophetic words of an eminent British statesman are today more than ever true. If the Anglo-Saxons will stand by their Western European friends, France, strong on the Rhine, will in turn provide protection for them.

'LA VILLE LUMIÈRE'

The fact that Paris was chosen as the seat of the Peace Conference will help to erase from the French mind the inferiority complex due to her poverty and defeat. In spite of the lack of food, of fuel and transport and the legacy of defeat and occupation, France is contributing through her thought, her arts and also her *Mode Feminine*, to the rebirth of her world influence. The exquisite creations shown recently in London prove that the Frenchwoman is still achieving miracles in design and is second to none where imagination and artistic refinement are concerned.

The theatre adds its contribution with *La Folle de Chaillot* by the deeply-mourned Jean Giraudoux. When he dedicated this play written in 1942 to Louis Jouvet, leading actor and producer, he said: 'You will act in this play in October 1945.' It appeared, in fact, just two months late of this prediction, in the year of Peace he did not live to see. Anger and rage were the creative motives of the play—anger provoked by the footsteps of the German night patrols and the songs of the drunken invaders.

This could all have been expressed in a tragedy but Giraudoux preferred to comply with the spirit of his country by expressing his despair in a comedy. *La Folle de Chaillot* reveals the last thoughts of a great author. It is a moral to those who lust after wealth and power to the exclusion of all else.

A worthy successor of Molière, Giraudoux, with his deadly wit, secretly ridiculed the Germans during the occupation. His greatest reward for that forced silence would have been to hear the world laugh again with him. His earlier successes, *Amphytrion* 38 and *La Guerre de Troie n'aura pas lieu*, and finally this posthumous lesson, will live like those of his predecessor.

The world must not look for the soul of the French people through the personality of their Chief of State, whoever he may be, but through that of men like Molière and Giraudoux, who are born in every generation of Frenchmen.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Thanks from Russian Socialist

SIR,

May I as a Russian Socialist of many years' standing express my appreciation of the criticism you are so consistently, and convincingly, directing against the aggressive and imperialistic policy of the present Russian Government? By this criticism, and by your earnest warning against the dangerous game of power politics which is being pursued by the Soviets, with a technique so closely resembling that of the Nazis, you are rendering a singular service not only to the peoples of the world, but to the Russian people as well.

ANATOLE V. BAIKALOFF,
London, N.W.3

Betrayal to the Soviets

SIR,

Do you recollect Magdeburg—the Elbe separated us there from the Russians—why did we not keep it as a boundary?

The Germans there were in fear and trembling of our handing the area over to the Russians. Yet we did. Yes, the Government of Britain, the great democracy, just handed over the people of that area to the Russians, knowing well what treatment would be meted out. In my estimation they were only creating a larger graveyard for a fallen foe in which the living dead would suffer mental, yea and physical, agony.

V. TINGEY, London, S.W.1

It's Useless

SIR,

What is supposed to be the idea of the senseless article by Auberon Herbert entitled 'British Democrats have a Duty to the Poles', especially as you lean more toward Socialists than Conservatives?

Please do not misunderstand me. *I agree with every word* of that article, *but* I am a privately-educated, middle-class Conservative.

Has not your contributor realised that, in the days when the much-maligned ruling classes controlled this country, there would have been an uproar about Poland when Russia first raised the issue, and a firm foot would have been put down?

The working classes have obviously favoured their comrade Russians taking Poland, and anything else they want, because they are their class.

M. SCOTT, Torquay

Film is not a Danger!

SIR,

'Psychologist's' article on the alleged *Danger of the Cinema* proves the danger of the alleged psychologist.

Educational films are not merely a short cut to learning; their purposes are manifold and vary according to the subject; they can eliminate unnecessary drudgery, but they do not eliminate effort; they can stimulate interest, as few living teachers can do. I would advise 'Psychologist' to study children and give 'psychology' a rest.

ADRIAN BRUNEL, Gerrards Cross

'World Review' is Filth!

SIR,

I venture to write to you about the contents of the September 1945 number of WORLD REVIEW. My interest and satisfaction were not seriously disturbed until I came to *Kama Sutra*, in which one came down, not to earth, but to just filth. That this stuff should be served up in a magazine such as yours, and told that 'we may also learn from this sexual encyclopaedia of 1,500 years ago', is an insult to one's intelligence no less than an affront to Christian morality.

W. H. HARRIS, Lampeter

Note: Correspondent confuses filth with sex.—ED.

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Number Three

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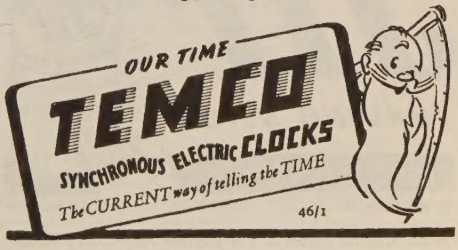
how the clocks must have been at sixes and sevens. You are more fortunate; you have TEMCO, the Electric Clocks that give accurate time without winding and never need regulating.



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